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LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN

A NOVEL

BY MAY SINCLAIR

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London, to see the Queen."
"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?"
"I caught a little mouse under the chair."

HER mother said it three times. And each time the Baby Harriett laughed. The sound of her laugh was so funny that she laughed again at that; she kept on laughing, with shriller and shriller squeals.

"I wonder why she thinks it's funny," her mother said.

Her father considered it. "I don't know. The cat perhaps. The cat and the Queen. But no; that isn't funny."

"She sees something in it we don't see, bless her," said her mother.

Each kissed her in turn, and the Baby Harriett stopped laughing suddenly.

"Mamma, *did* Pussycat see the Queen?"

"No," said Mamma: "Just when the Queen was passing the little mouse came out of its hole and ran under the chair. That's what Pussycat saw."

Every evening before bedtime she said the same rhyme and Harriett asked the same question.

When Nurse had gone she would lie still in her cot, waiting. The door would open, the big pointed shadow would move over the ceiling, the lattice shadow of the fireguard would fade and go away, and Mamma would come in car-

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rying the lighted candle. Her face shone white between her long, hanging curls. She would stoop over the cot and lift Harriett up, and her face would be hidden in her curls. That was the kiss-me-to-sleep kiss. And when she had gone Harriett lay still again, waiting. Presently Papa would come in, large and dark in the firelight. He stooped and she leaped up into his arms. That was the kiss-me-awake kiss; it was their secret.

Then they played. Papa was the Pussycat and she was the little mouse in her hole under the bedclothes. They played till Papa said "*No* more!" and tucked the blankets tight in.

—"Now you're kissing like Mamma"—

Hours afterwards they would come again together and stoop over the cot and she wouldn't see them; they would kiss her with soft, light kisses and she wouldn't know.

She thought: To-night I'll stay awake and see them. But she never did. Only once she dreamed that she heard footsteps and saw the lightend candle, going out of the room; going, going away.

The blue egg stood on the marble top of the cabinet where you could see it from everywhere; it was supported by a gold waistband, by gold hoops and gold legs, and it wore a gold ball with a frill round it like a crown. You would never have guessed what was inside it. You touched a spring in its waistband and it flew open, and then it was a workbox. Gold scissors and thimble and stiletto sitting up in holes cut in white velvet.

The blue egg was the first thing she thought of when she came into the room. There was nothing like that in Connie Hancock's Papa's house. It belonged to Mamma.

Harriett thought: If only she could have a birthday and wake up and find that the blue egg belonged to her—

Ida, the wax doll, sat on the drawing-room sofa, dressed ready for the birthday. The darling had real person's eyes made of glass, and real eyelashes and hair. Little finger and toenails were marked in the wax, and she smelt of the lavender her clothes were laid in.

But Emily, the new birthday doll, smelt of composition and of gum and hay; she had flat, painted hair and eyes and a foolish look on her face, like Nurse's aunt, Mrs. Spinker,

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when she said "Lawk-a-daisy!" Although Papa had given her Emily she could never feel for her the real, loving love she felt for Ida.

And her mother had told her that she must lend Ida to Connie Hancock if Connie wanted her.

Mamma couldn't see that such a thing was not possible.

"My darling, you mustn't be selfish. You must do what your little guest wants."

"I can't."

But she had to; and she was sent out of the room because she cried. It was much nicer upstairs in the nursery with Mimi, the Angora cat. Mimi knew that something sorrowful had happened. He sat still, just lifting the root of his tail as you stroked him. If only she could have stayed there with Mimi; but in the end she had to go back to the drawing-room.

If only she could have told Mamma what it felt like to see Connie with Ida in her arms, squeezing her tight to her chest and patting her as if Ida had been *her* child. She kept on saying to herself that Mamma didn't know; she didn't know what she had done. And when it was all over she took the wax doll and put her in the long narrow box she had come in, and buried her in the bottom drawer in the spare room. She thought: If I can't have her to myself I won't have her at all. I've got Emily. I shall just have to pretend she's not an idiot.

She thought of Ida as dead; lying in her pasteboard coffin and buried in the wardrobe cemetery.

It was hard work pretending that Emily didn't look like Mrs. Spinker.

II

SHE had a belief that her father's house was nicer than other people's houses. It stood off from the high road, in Black's Lane, at the head of the turn. You came to it by a row of tall elms standing up along Mr. Hancock's wall. Behind the last tree its slender white end went straight up from the pavement, hanging out a green balcony like a birdcage above the green door.

The lane turned sharp there and went on, and the long brown garden wall went with it. Behind the wall the lawn flowed down from the white house and the green verandah to the cedar tree at the bottom. Beyond the lawn was the

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kitchen garden and beyond the kitchen garden the orchard; little crippled apple trees bending down in the long grass.

She was glad to come back to the house after the walk with Eliza, the nurse, or Annie, the housemaid; to go through all the rooms looking for Mimi; looking for Mamma, telling her what had happened.

"Mamma, the red-haired woman in the sweetie shop has got a little baby, and it's hair's red, too. . . . Some day I shall have a little baby. I shall dress him in a long gown—"

"Robe."

"Robe, with bands of lace all down it, as long as *that;* and a white christening cloak sewn with white roses. Won't he look sweet?"

"Very sweet."

"He shall have lots of hair. I sha'n't love him if he hasn't."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"No. He must have thick, flossy hair like Mimi, so that I can stroke him. Which would you rather have, a little girl or a little boy?"

"Well—what do you think—?"

"I think—perhaps I'd rather have a little girl."

She would be like Mamma, and her little girl would be like herself. She couldn't think of it any other way.

The school-treat was held in Mr. Hancock's field. All afternoon she had been with the children, playing Oranges and lemons, A ring, a ring of roses, and Here we come gathering nuts in May, *nuts* in May, *nuts* in May: over and over again. And she had helped her mother to hand cake and buns at the infants' table.

The guest-children's tea was served last of all, up on the lawn under the immense, brown brick, many windowed house. There wasn't room for everybody at the table, so the girls sat down first and the boys waited for their turn. Some of them were pushing and snatching.

She knew what she would have. She would begin with a bun, and go on through two sorts of jam to Madeira cake, and end with raspberries and cream. Or perhaps it would be safer to begin with raspberries and cream. She kept her face very still, so as not to look greedy, and tried not to stare at the Madeira cake lest people should see she was thinking

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of it. Mrs. Hancock had given her somebody else's crumby plate. She thought: I'm not greedy. I'm really and truly hungry. She could draw herself in at the waist with a flat, exhausted feeling, like the two ends of a concertina coming together.

She was doing this when she saw her mother standing on the other side of the table, looking at her and making signs.

"If you've finished, Hatty, you'd better get up and let that little boy have something."

They were all turning round and looking at her. And there was the crumby plate before her. They were thinking: "That greedy little girl has gone on and on eating." She got up suddenly, not speaking, and left the table, the Madeira cake and the raspberries and cream. She could feel her skin all hot and wet with shame.

And now she was sitting up in the drawing-room at home. Her mother had brought her a piece of seed-cake and a cup of milk with the cream on it. Mamma's soft eyes kissed her as they watched her eating her cake with short crumby bites like a little cat. Mamma's eyes made her feel so good, so good.

"Why didn't you tell me you hadn't finished?"

"Finished? I hadn't even begun."

"Oh-h, darling, why didn't you *tell* me?"

"Because I—I don't know."

"Well, I'm glad my little girl didn't snatch and push. It's better to go without than to take from other people. That's ugly."

Ugly. Being naughty was just that. Doing ugly things. Being good was being beautiful like Mamma. She wanted to be like her mother. Sitting up there and being good felt delicious. And the smooth cream with the milk running under it, thin and cold, was delicious too.

Suddenly a thought came rushing at her. There was God and there was Jesus. But even God and Jesus were not more beautiful than Mamma. They couldn't be.

"You mustn't say things like that, Hatty; you mustn't, really. It might make something happen."

"Oh no, it won't. You don't suppose they're listening all the time."

Saying things like that made you feel good and at the same time naughty, which was more exciting than only

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being one or the other. But Mamma's frightened face spoiled it. What did she think—what did she think God would do?

Red campion ——

At the bottom of the orchard a door in the wall opened into Black's Lane, below the three tall elms.

She couldn't believe she was really walking there by herself. It had come all of a sudden, the thought that she *must* do it, that she *must* go out into the lane; and when she found the door unlatched something seemed to take hold of her and push her out. She was forbidden to go into Black's Lane; she was not even allowed to walk there with Annie.

She kept on saying to herself: "I'm in the lane. I'm in the lane. I'm disobeying Mamma."

Nothing could undo that. She had disobeyed by just standing outside the orchard door. Disobedience was such a big and awful thing that it was waste not to do something big and awful with it. So she went on up, and up, past the three tall elms. She was a big girl, wearing black silk aprons and learning French. Walking by herself. When she arched her back and stuck her stomach out she felt like a tall lady in a crinoline and shawl. She swung her hips and made her skirts fly out. That was her grown-up crinoline swing—swinging as she went.

At the turn cows' parsley and rose campion began; on each side a long trail of white froth with the red tops of the campion pricking through. She made herself a nosegay.

Past the second turn you came to the waste ground covered with old boots and rusted, crumpled tins. The little dirty brown house stood there behind the ricketty blue palings; narrow, like the piece of a house that has been cut in two. It hid, stooping under the ivy bush on its roof. It was not like the houses people live in; there was something queer, some secret, frightening thing about it.

The man came out and went to the gate and stood there. *He* was the frightening thing. When he saw her he stepped back and crouched behind the palings, ready to jump out.

She turned slowly, as if she had thought of something. She musn't run. She must *not* run. If she ran he would come after her.

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Her mother was coming down the garden walk, tall and beautiful in her silver grey gown with the bands of black velvet on the flounces and the sleeves; her wide, hooped skirts swung, brushing the flower borders.

She ran up to her, crying, "Mamma, I went up the lane where you told me not to."

"No, Hatty, no; you didn't."

You could see she wasn't angry. She was frightened.

"I did. I did."

Her mother took the bunch of flowers out of her hand and looked at it. "Yes," she said, "that's where the dark red campion grows."

She was holding the flowers up to her face. It was awful, for you could see her mouth thicken and redden over its edges and shake. She hid it behind the flowers. And somehow you knew it wasn't your naughtiness that made her cry. There was something more.

She was saying in a thick, soft voice, "It was wrong of you, my darling."

Suddenly she bent her tall straightness. "Rose campion," she said, parting the stems with her long, thin fingers. "Look, Hatty, how *beautiful* they are. Run away and put the poor things in water."

She was so quiet, so quiet, and her quietness hurt far more than if she had been angry.

She must have gone straight back into the house to Papa. Harriett knew, because he sent for her. He was quiet, too. . . . That was the little, hiding voice he told you secrets in. . . . She stood close up to him, between his knees, and his arm went loosely round her to keep her there while he looked into her eyes. You could smell tobacco and the queer, clean man's smell that came up out of him from his collar. He wasn't smiling; but somehow his eyes looked kinder than if they had smiled.

"Why did you do it, Hatty?"

"Because—I wanted to see what it would feel like."

"You mustn't do it again. Do you hear, you mustn't do it."

"Why?"

"Why? Because it makes your mother unhappy. That's enough why."

But there was something more. Mamma had been

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frightened. Something to do with the frightening man in the lane.

"Why does it make her?"

She knew; she knew; but she wanted to see what he would say.

"I said that was enough. . . . Do you know what you've been guilty of?"

"Disobedience."

"More than that. Breaking trust. Meanness. It was mean and dishonourable of you when you knew you wouldn't be punished."

"Isn't there to be a punishment?"

"No. People are punished to make them remember. We want you to forget." His arm tightened, drawing her closer. And the kind, secret voice went on. "Forget ugly things. Understand, Hatty, nothing is forbidden. We don't forbid, because we trust you to do what we wish. To behave beautifully. . . . There, there."

She hid her face on his breast against his tickly coat, and cried.

She would always have to do what they wanted; the unhappiness of not doing it was more than she could bear. All very well to say there would be no punishment; *their* unhappiness was the punishment. It hurt more than anything. It kept on hurting when she thought about it.

The first minute of tomorrow she would begin behaving beautifully; as beautifully as she could. They wanted you to; they wanted it more than anything because they were so beautiful. So good. So wise.

But three years went before Harriett understood how wise they had been, and why her mother took her again and again into Black's Lane to pick red campion, so that it was always the red campion she remembered. They must have known all the time about Black's Lane; Annie the housemaid used to say it was a bad place; something had happened to a little girl there. Annie hushed and reddened and wouldn't tell you what it was. Then one day, when she was thirteen, standing by the apple tree, Connie Hancock told her. A secret. . . . Behind the dirty blue palings. . . . She shut her eyes, squeezing the lids down, frightened. But when she thought of the lane she could see nothing but the green banks, the three tall elms and the red campion pricking through the white froth of

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the cows' parsley; her mother stood on the garden walk in her wide, swinging gown; she was holding the red and white flowers up to her face and saying, "Look, how *beautiful* they are."

She saw her all the time while Connie was telling her the secret. She wanted to get up and go to her. Connie knew what it meant when you stiffened suddenly and made yourself tall and cold and silent. The cold silence would frighten her and she would go away. Then, Harriett thought, she could get back to her mother and Longfellow.

Every afternoon through the hour before her father came home she sat in the cool, green-lighted drawing-room reading *Evangeline* aloud to her mother. When they came to the beautiful places they looked at each other and smiled.

She passed through her fourteenth year sedately, to the sound of *Evangeline*. Her upright body, her lifted, delicately obstinate, rather wistful face expressed her small, conscious determination to be good. She was silent with emotion when Mrs. Hancock told her she was growing like her mother.

III

Connie Hancock was her friend.

She had once been a slender wide mouthed child, top-heavy with her damp clumps of hair. Now she was squaring and thickening and looking horrid, like Mr. Hancock. Beside her Harriett felt tall and elegant and slender.

Mamma didn't know what Connie was really like; it was one of those things you couldn't tell her. She said Connie would grow out of it. Meanwhile you could see *he* wouldn't. Mr. Hancock had red whiskers, and his face squatted down in his collar, instead of rising nobly up out of it like Papa's. It looked as if it was thinking things that made its eyes bulge and its mouth curl over and slide like a drawn loop. When you talked about Mr. Hancock Papa gave a funny laugh as if he was something improper. He said Connie ought to have red whiskers.

Mrs. Hancock, Connie's mother, was Mamma's dearest friend. That was why there had always been Connie. She could remember her, squirming and spluttering in her high nursey chair. And there had always been Mrs. Hancock,

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refined and mournful, looking at you with gentle, disappointed eyes.

She was glad that Connie hadn't been sent to her boarding-school, so that nothing could come between her and Priscilla Heaven.

Priscilla was her real friend.

It had begun in her third term when Priscilla first came to the school, unhappy and shy, afraid of the new faces. Harriett took her to her room.

She was thin, thin, in her shabby black velvet jacket. She stood looking at herself in the greenish glass over the yellow painted chest of drawers. Her heavy black hair had dragged the net and broken it. She put up her thin arms, helpless.

"They'll never keep me," she said. "I'm so untidy."

"It wants more pins," said Harriett. "Ever so many more pins. If you put them in head downwards they'll fall out. I'll show you."

Priscilla trembled with joy when Harriett asked her to walk with her; she had been afraid of her at first because she behaved so beautifully.

Soon they were always together. They sat side by side at the dinner table and in school, black head and golden brown leaning to each other over the same book; they walked side by side in the packed procession going two by two. They slept in the same room, the two white beds drawn close together; a white dimity curtain hung between; they drew it back so that they could see each other lying there in the summer dusk and in the clear mornings when they waked.

Harriett loved Priscilla's odd, dusk-white face; her long hound's nose, seeking; her wide mouth, restless between her shallow, fragile jaws; her eyes, black, cleared with spots of jade grey, prominent, showing white rims when she was startled. She started at sudden noises; she quivered and stared when you caught her dreaming; she cried when the organ burst out triumphantly in church. You had to take care every minute that you didn't hurt her.

She cried when term ended and she had to go home. Priscilla's home was horrible. Her father drank, her mother fretted; they were poor; a rich aunt paid for her schooling.

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When the last midsummer holidays came she spent them with Harriett.

"Oh-h-h!" Prissie drew in her breath when she heard they were to sleep together in the big bed in the spare room. She went about looking at things, curious, touching them softly as if they were sacred. She loved the two rough-coated china lambs on the chimney piece, and "Oh—the dear little china boxes with the flowers sitting up on them."

But when the bell rang she stood quivering in the doorway.

"I'm afraid of your father and mother, Hatty. They won't like me. I *know* they won't like me."

"They will. They'll love you," Hatty said.

And they did. They were sorry for the little white-faced, palpitating thing.

It was their last night. Priscilla wasn't going back to school again. Her aunt, she said, was only paying for a year. They lay together in the big bed, dim face to face, talking.

"Hatty—if you wanted to do something most awfully, more than anything else in the world, and it was wrong, would you be able not to do it?"

"I hope so. I *think* I would, because I'd know if I did it would make Papa and Mamma unhappy."

"Yes, but suppose it was giving up something you wanted, something you loved more than them—could you?"

"Yes. If it was wrong for me to have it. And I couldn't love anything more than them."

"But if you did, you'd give it up."

"I'd have to."

"Hatty—I couldn't."

"Oh yes, *you* could if *I* could."

"No. No. . . ."

"How do you know you couldn't?"

"Because I haven't. I—I oughtn't to have gone on staying here. My father's ill. They wanted me to go to them and I wouldn't go."

"Oh, Prissie——"

"There, you see. But I couldn't. I couldn't. I was so happy here with you. I couldn't give it up."

"If your father had been like Papa you would have."

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"Yes. I'd do anything for *him,* because he's your father. It's you I couldn't give up."

"You'll have to some day."

"When—when?"

"When somebody else comes. When you're married."

"I shall never marry. Never. I shall never want anybody but you. If we could always be together. . . . I can't think *why* people marry, Hatty."

"Still," Hatty said, "they do."

"It's because they haven't ever cared as you and me care. . . . Hatty, if I don't marry anybody, *you* won't, will you?"

"I'm not thinking of marrying anybody."

"No. But promise, promise on your honour you won't ever."

"I'd rather not *promise.* You see, I might. I shall love you all the same, Priscilla, all my life."

"No, you won't. It'll all be different. I love you more than you love me. But I shall love you all my life and it won't be different. I shall never marry."

"Perhaps I shan't, either," Harriett said.

They exchanged gifts. Harriet gave Priscilla a rosewood writing desk inlaid with mother o' pearl, and Priscilla gave Harriett a pockethandkerchief case she had made herself of fine grey canvas embroidered with blue flowers like a sampler and lined with blue and white plaid silk. On the top part you read "Pockethandkerchiefs" in blue lettering, and on the bottom "Harriett Frean," and, tucked away in one corner, "Priscilla Heaven, September: 1861."

IV

SHE remembered the conversation. Her father sitting, straight and slender, in his chair, talking in that quiet voice of his that never went sharp or deep or quavering, that paused now and then on an amused inflection, his long lips straightening between the perpendicular grooves of his smile. She loved his straight, slender face, clean-shaven, the straight, slightly jutting jaw, the dark-blue flattish eyes under the black eyebrows, the silver-grizzled hair that fitted close like a cap, curling in a silver brim above his ears.

He was talking about his business as if more than anything it amused him.

"There's nothing gross and material about stockbrok-

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ing. It's like pure mathematics. You're dealing in abstractions, ideal values, all the time. You calculate—in curves." His hand, holding the unlit cigar, drew a curve, a long graceful one, in mid-air. "You know what's going to happen all the time. . . . The excitement begins when you don't quite know and you risk it; when it's getting dangerous. . . . The higher mathematics of the game. If you can afford them; if you haven't a wife and family—I can see the fascination. . . ."

He sat, holding his cigar in one hand, looking at it without seeing it, seeing the fascination and smiling at it, amused and secure.

And her mother, bending over her bead-work, smiled too, out of their happiness, their security.

He would lean back, smoking his cigar and looking at them out of contented, half-shut eyes, as they switched, one at each end of the long canvas fender stool. He was waiting, he said, for the moment when their heads would come bumping together in the middle.

Sometimes they would sit like that, not exchanging ideas, exchanging only the sense of each other's presence, a secure, profound satisfaction that belonged as much to their bodies as their minds; it rippled on their faces with their quiet smiling, it breathed with their breath. Sometimes she or her mother read aloud, Mrs. Browning or Charles Dickens; or the Biography of some Great Man, sitting there in the velvet curtained room or out on the lawn under the cedar tree. A motionless communion broken by walks in the sweet smelling fields and deep elm-screened lanes. And there were short journeys into London to a lecture or a concert, and now and then the surprise and excitement of the play.

One day her mother smoothed out her long hanging curls and tucked them away under a net. Harriett had a little shock of dismay and resentment, hating change.

And the long, long Sundays spaced the weeks and the months, hushed and sweet and rather enervating, yet with a sort of thrill in them as if somewhere the music of the church organ went on vibrating. Her mother had some secret: some happy sense of God that she gave to you and you took from her as you took food and clothing, but not quite knowing what it was, feeling that there was something more in it, some hidden gladness, some perfection that you missed.

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Her father had his secret too. She felt that it was harder, somehow, darker and dangerous. He read dangerous books: Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer. Sometimes he talked about them.

"There's a sort of fascination in seeing how far you can go. . . . The fascination of truth might be just that—the risk that after all it mayn't be true, that you may have to go farther and farther, perhaps never come back."

Her mother looked up with her bright, still eyes.

"I trust the truth. I know that, however far you go, you'll come back some day."

"I believe you see all of them—Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer—coming back," he said.

"Yes, I do."

His eyes smiled, loving her. But you could see it amused him, too, to think of them, all those reckless, courageous thinkers, coming back, to share her secret. His thinking was just a dangerous game he played.

She looked at her father with a kind of awe as he sat there, reading his book, in danger and yet safe.

She wanted to know what that fascination was. She took down Herbert Spencer and tried to read him. She made a point of finishing every book she had begun, for her pride couldn't bear being beaten. Her head grew hot and heavy: she read the same sentences over and over again; they had no meaning; she couldn't understand a single word of Herbert Spencer. He had beaten her. As she put the book back in its place she said to herself "I mustn't. If I go on, if I get to the interesting part I may lose my faith." And soon she made herself believe that this was really the reason why she had given it up.

Besides Connie Hancock there were Lizzie Pierce and Sarah Barmby.

Exquisite pleasure to walk with Lizzie Pierce. Lizzie's walk was a sliding, swooping dance of little pointed feet, always as if she were going out to meet somebody, her sharp, black-eyed face darting and turning.

"My *dear,* he kept on doing *this"* (Lizzie did it) "as if he was trying to sit on himself to keep from flying off into space like a cork. Fancy proposing on three tumblers of soda water! I might have been Mrs. Pennefather but for that."

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Lizzie went about laughing, laughing at everybody, looking for something to laugh at everywhere. Now and then she would stop suddenly to contemplate the vision she had created.

"If Connie didn't wear a bustle—Or, oh my dear, if Mr. Hancock did ——."

"Mr. Hancock!" Clear, firm laughter, chiming and tinkling.

"Goodness! To think how many ridiculous people there are in the world!"

"I believe you see something ridiculous in me."

"Only when—only when—"

She swung her parasol in time to her sing-song. She wouldn't say when.

"Lizzie—Not—*not* when I'm in my black lace fichu and the little round hat?"

"Oh dear me—no. Not *then.*"

The little round hat, Lizzie wore one like it herself, tilted forward, perched on her chignon.

"Well then—" she pleaded.

Lizzie's face darted its teasing, mysterious smile.

She loved Lizzie best of her friends after Priscilla. She loved her mockery and her teasing wit.

And there was Lizzie's friend, Sarah Barmby, who lived in one of those little shabby villas on the London road and looked after her father. She moved about the villa in an unseeing, shambling way, hitting herself against the furniture. Her face was heavy with a gentle, brooding goodness, and she had little eyes that blinked and twinkled in the heaviness as if something amused her. At first you kept on wondering what the joke was till you saw it was only a habit Sarah had. She came when she could spare time from her father.

Next to Lizzie, Harriett loved Sarah. She loved her goodness.

And Connie Hancock, bouncing about hospitably in the large, rich house. Tea-parties and dances at the Hancocks'.

She wasn't sure that she liked dancing. There was something obscurely dangerous about it. She was afraid of being lifted off her feet and swung on and on, away from her safe, happy life. She was stiff and abrupt with her partners, convinced that none of those men who liked Connie Hancock could like her, and anxious to show them that she

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didn't expect them to. She was afraid of what they were thinking. And she would slip away early, running down the garden to the gate at the bottom of the lane where her father waited for her. She loved the still coldness of the night under the elms, and the strong, tight feeling of her father's arm when she hung on it leaning towards him, and his "There we are!" as he drew his closer. Her mother would look up from the sofa and ask always the same question, "Well, did anything nice happen?"

Till at last she answered, "No. Did you think it would, Mamma?"

"You never know," said her mother.

"*I* know everything."

"*Every*thing?"

"Everything that could happen at the Hancocks' dances."

Her mother shook her head at her. She knew that in secret Mamma was glad; but she answered the reproof.

"It's mean of me to say that when I've eaten four of their ices. They were strawberry, and chocolate and vanilla, all in one."

"Well, they won't last much longer."

"Not at that rate," her father said.

"I meant the dances," said her mother.

And sure enough, soon after Connie's engagement to young Mr. Pennefather they ceased.

And the three friends, Connie and Sarah and Lizzie, came and went. She loved them; and yet when they were there they broke something, something secret and precious between her and her father and mother, and when they were gone she felt the stir, the happy movement of coming together again, drawing in close, close, after the break.

"We only want each other." Nobody else really mattered, not even Priscilla Heaven.

Year after year the same. Her mother parted her hair into two sleek wings; she wore a rosette and lappets of black velvet and lace on a glistening beetle-backed chignon. And Harriett felt again her shock of resentment. She hated to think of her mother subject to change and time.

And Priscilla came year after year, still loving, still protesting that she would never marry. Yet they were glad when even Priscilla had gone and left them to each other. Only each other, year after year the same.

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V

PRISCILLA'S last visit was followed by another passionate vow that she would never marry. Then within three weeks she wrote again, telling of her engagement to Robin Lethbridge.

. . . "I haven't known him very long and Mamma says it's too soon; but he makes me feel as if I had known him all my life. I know I said I wouldn't, but I couldn't tell; I didn't know it would be so different. I couldn't have believed that anybody could be so happy. You won't mind, Hatty. We can love each other just the same." . . .

Incredible that Priscilla, who could be so beaten down and crushed by suffering, should have risen to such an ecstasy. Her letters had a swinging lilt, a harried beat, like a song bursting, a heart beating for joy too fast.

It would have to be a long engagement. Robin was in a provincial bank, and he had his way to make. Then, a year later, Prissy wrote and told them that Robin had got a post in Parson's Bank in the City. He didn't know a soul in London. Would they be kind to him and let him come to them sometimes, on Saturdays and Sundays?

He came one Sunday. Harriett had wondered what he would be like, and he was tall, slender-waisted, wide-shouldered; he had a square, very white forehead; his brown hair was parted on one side, half curling at the tips above his ears. His eyes—thin, black crystal, shining, turning, showing speckles of brown and grey; perfectly set under straight eyebrows laid very black on the white skin. His round, pouting chin had a dent in it. The face in between was thin and irregular; the nose straight and serious and rather long in profile, with a dip and a rise at three-quarters; in full face straight again but shortened. His eyes had another meaning, deeper and steadier than his fine slender mouth; but it was the mouth that made you look at him. One arch of the bow was higher than the other; now and then it quivered with an uneven, sensitive movement of its own.

She noticed his mouth's little dragging droop at the corners and thought: "Oh, you're cross. If you're cross with Prissie—if you make her unhappy"—but when he caught her looking at him the cross lips drew back in a sudden, white, confiding smile. And when he spoke she understood why he had been irresistible to Priscilla.

He had come three Sundays now, four perhaps; she had

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lost count. They were all sitting out on the lawn under the cedar. Suddenly, as if he had just thought of it, he said:

"It's extraordinarily good of you to have me."

"Oh, well," her mother said, "Prissie is Hatty's greatest friend."

"I supposed that was why you do it."

He didn't want it to be that. He wanted it to be himself. Himself. He was proud. He didn't like to owe anything to other people, not even to Prissie.

Her father smiled at him. "You must give us time."

He would never give it or take it. You could see him tearing at things in his impatience, to know them, to make them give themselves up to him at once. He came rushing to give himself up, all in a minute, to make himself known.

"It isn't fair," he said. "I know you so much better than you know me. Priscilla's always talking about you. But you don't know anything about *me*."

"No. We've got all the excitement."

"And the risk, sir."

"And of course, the risk." He liked him.

She could talk to Robin Lethbridge as she couldn't talk to Connie Hancock's young men. She wasn't afraid of what he was thinking. She was safe with him, he belonged to Priscilla Heaven. He liked her because he loved Priscilla; but he wanted her to like him, not because of Priscilla, but for himself.

She talked about Priscilla: "I never saw anybody so loving. It used to frighten me; because you can hurt her so easily."

"Yes. Poor little Prissie, she's very vulnerable," he said.

When Priscilla came to stay it was almost painful. Her eyes clung to him, and wouldn't let him go. If he left the room she was restless, unhappy till he came back. She went out for long walks with him and returned silent, with a tired, beaten look. She would lie on the sofa, and he would hang over her, gazing at her with strained, unhappy eyes.

After she had gone he kept on coming more than ever, and he stayed over night. Harriett had to walk with him now. He wanted to talk, to talk about himself, endlessly.

When she looked in the glass she saw a face she didn't know: bright-eyed, flushed, pretty. The little arrogant lift had gone. As if it had been somebody else's face she asked herself, in wonder, without rancour, why nobody had ever

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cared for it. Why? Why? She could see her father looking at her, intent, as if he wondered. And one day her mother said, "Do you think you ought to see so much of Robin? Do you think it's quite fair to Prissie?"

"Oh—*Mamma* . . . I wouldn't. I haven't—"

"I know. You couldn't if you would, Hatty. You would always behave beautifully. But are you so sure about Robin?"

"Oh, he *couldn't* care for *anybody* but Prissie. It's only because he's so safe with me, because he knows I don't and he doesn't—"

The wedding day was fixed for July. After all, they were going to risk it. By the middle of June the wedding presents began to come in.

Harriett and Robin Lethbridge were walking up Black's Lane. The hedges were a white bridal froth of cows' parsley. Every now and then she swerved aside to pick the red campion.

He spoke suddenly. "Do you know what a dear little face you have, Hatty? It's so clear and still and it behaves so beautifully."

"Does it?"

She thought of Prissie's face, dark and restless, never clear, never still.

"You're not a bit like what I expected. Prissie doesn't know what you are. You don't know yourself."

"I know what *she* is."

His mouth's uneven quiver beat in and out like a pulse.

"Don't talk to me about Prissie!"

Then he got it out. He tore it out of himself. He loved her.

"Oh, Robin—" Her fingers loosened in her dismay; she went dropping red campion.

It was no use, he said, to think about Prissie. He couldn't marry her. He couldn't marry anybody but Hatty, Hatty must marry him.

"You can't say you don't love me, Hatty."

No. She couldn't say it; for it wouldn't be true.

"Well, then—"

"I can't. I'd be doing wrong, Robin. I feel all the time as if she belonged to you; as if she were married to you."

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"But she isn't. It isn't the same thing."

"To me it is. You can't undo it. It would be dishonorable."

"Not half so dishonorable as marrying her when I don't love her."

"Yes. As long as she loves you. She hasn't anybody but you. She was so happy. So happy. Think of the cruelty of it. Think of what we should send her back to."

"You think of Prissie. You don't think of me."

"Because it would *kill* her."

"How about you?"

"It can't kill us, because we know we love each other. Nothing can take that from us."

"But I couldn't be happy with her, Hatty. She wears me out. She's so restless."

"*We* couldn't be happy, Robin. We should always be thinking of what we did to her. How could we be happy?"

"You know how."

"Well, even if we were, we've no right to get our happiness out of her suffering."

"Oh, Hatty, why are you so good, so good?"

"I'm not good. It's only—there are some things you can't do. We couldn't. We couldn't."

"No," he said at last. "I don't suppose we could. Whatever it's like I've got to go through with it."

He didn't stay that night.

(*To be continued.*)

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LIBERTY ABOVE EQUALITY

BY JOHN CORBIN

IT is a self-evident truth, or so Thomas Jefferson held, that all men are created equal. With similar solemnity, as one who says an undisputed thing, Jefferson's greatest disciple declared: "Democracy rests upon the equality of the citizen." These be winged phrases; but, as it happens, they fly in directions precisely opposite. Wilson was demanding a rigid exclusion of Chinese and Japanese laborers—in whose increasing presence among us, as he clearly saw, the vigor and virtue of our free institutions would suffer. He was asserting not universal equality, but an irreconcilable difference. By precisely the same logic, we should be justified in discriminating against unassimilable people of any race or color. Which of the phrase-tipped shafts comes nearer the bullseye of our Americanism?

The question is pertinent to the cause of the forgotten folk who are remembering themselves as the middle class—the newly poor brainworker who finds himself taxed and otherwise put upon to provide ever widening opportunities for those who were once called the poor. If the brainworker is to feed his mind with the knowledge of books, his life with human contacts; if he is to have children and hand on the education and the larger tradition which he received—if, in short, he is to fill the position and do the work which is owing to himself and to the nation—it must be by a frank recognition of inequalities and distinctions. He must have a life scaled higher in opportunity, and in expense, than the life of the man whose capacity is for merely manual labor. That can be right only if Thomas Jefferson was wrong—if some men are destined from birth to higher privileges and opportunities. But then this land of liberty is not, and never can be, the land of equality. Somewhere between the two

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sayings, which were proffered as equally axiomatic, there is room for a deal of close thinking.

Our revolutionary forefathers had precious little use for the words with which we now concern ourselves, equality and democracy—those of them, at least, who fought for independence instead of writing about it. The word on their lips was liberty. This fact, and the quaint predicament of the Wilson-Jefferson phrase, suggests that equality and liberty are distinct principles—perhaps contradictory.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, deeply as he is despised for the looseness of his thought, had considered this matter more closely than his disciple, Thomas Jefferson. He knew that there is no such thing as absolute equality. In his *Discourse upon Inequality,* which exercised a vast revolutionary force both on the France of 1789 and on the America of 1800, he admitted at the outset what he called the "inequality of nature." Some men are created taller than others, and stronger; intellectually more able, morally more elevated. These inequalities of nature Rousseau sadly dismissed as irremediable. As for social equality, which means, basically, equality in property, he knew that it did not exist in any state—that it could not exist in life as we know it or can conceive it. But he felt that it ought to exist; and to picture it more vividly he assumed a state of primitive nature in which there was as yet no such thing as property—because tools and weapons had not been invented, and because land was so plentiful that no one thought of appropriating any tract as his own. In this state, as Rousseau pictured it, the father had no care for the mother or claim on her, the mother no care for their child.

Such a state is unknown to nature. The fox owns his hole; the trout owns his favorite bend in the brook, and will fight for it. Among the higher animals, of whom man is one, the possession of females is a primordial instinct, as is the love of parents for offspring. Rousseau was aware that his "state of nature" was conjectural, so he passed on to the American Indians, whom he praised as leading the most perfect known life—the nearest approach to the life of social equality. Jefferson knew the noble red man as his master did not; yet he repeated this verdict so explicitly and so often that we are forced to conclude that he believed it. "Those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater

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degree of happiness" than was possible "under the English system of government"; and he called it "a problem not clear to my mind" whether the "unrestraint" of Indian life were not preferable to the restraints imposed by even his own loose construction of the American Constitution. This is the intellectual milieu which gave birth to the most frequently quoted of our political axioms.

At best it is a "glittering generality," as Rufus Choate called it—a verbal tom-tom with the beating of which our leaders inspire us to follow them where they will. It has nothing to do with the concrete realities of any situation in which, as a nation, we have ever found ourselves. The granting of an equal vote to the negroes whom our fathers so nobly fought to free was as misconceived philosophically as it has proved impossible in practice. When the Declaration of Independence passes from Jeffersonian generalities to a plain statement of the cause for which the fathers were in revolt, it becomes manifest that "equality" was to them neither "natural" nor social. They stood for taxation through representatives, for trial by jury—for a merely political equality. In plain terms, "equality" meant that an Englishman in America was as good as an Englishman at home. Democracy most of them scorned; but their freedom, certainly, rested upon the equality of the citizen.

Even political equality is an ideal—a thing to be longed for, striven for, rather than a possible fact. If anyone thinks otherwise, let him look about him. Repeatedly we have seen important legislation, from prohibition to woman's suffrage, carried by organized, wire-pulling minorities without reference to the will of the people. Even in the courts, equal justice is defeated. The murderer who can retain the ablest counsel and a staff of alienists has a decided advantage over the murderer who is poor—and so he gaily spends his life in escaping from sanitarium to sanitarium, in retrial after retrial, to the vast expense and chagrin of the community.

Why do we who profess equality permit such abuses? Because we love another and greater ideal, irreconcilable with the ideal of equality. The desire for personal differences and distinctions, of which property is but one, is intrinsic in the scheme of things. In all life that rises above the brute struggle for food and shelter, the prime motive is to prove oneself unequal and superior—to realize all native qualities and aspirations. Man wants the mate of his choice

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against all the world, wants to work for her and to pass the fruit of his toil to their children. He wants to sing his songs, build his railways, lead his fellow men. Unless the way is open to do so he is not a free man. Not equality, but liberty, is the master passion of our race.

Like equality, to be sure, liberty is something less than absolute. The moment a man takes a mate, he is bound to her by one of the strongest ties of which he is capable. Their children subject them both to bonds equally strong. And so it goes, throughout civilized life. The things which freedom gives us with a seeming-generous hand, the things for which alone we hold that freedom is precious, enmesh our insurgent spirits with silken strands. Liberty imposes obligations against which instinct often rebels, but against which the true man is powerless. We live in ceaseless conflict, within ourselves and within the community.

Only a strong man can contain such a conflict, control it. And so, as Montesquieu pointed out, and as Rousseau conceded,—though to do so disillusioned him,—there are peoples for whom self-government is no blessing—inferior peoples. Liberty is a tonic to strong, selfmastering races, and to them alone. To Montesquieu and Rousseau this idea could only be an abstraction. In our American problem of immigration, Woodrow Wilson was face to face with the concrete reality. He cast about it the bright woof of a casual phrase but did not pause to weave it into the close web of thought. To him and to his hearers the phrase was doubtless inspiring merely as an echo of Jefferson.

And always liberty is in conflict with the ideal of equality—which, though we outrage it in every act of life, we feel to be somehow noble and sacred still. In Rousseau's earliest essay, he found in the human desire for distinction—found in the spirit of liberty—only an ignoble vanity, to which he attributed all the corruptions of society; and he never quite lost his infatuation for the equality of red Indians and his wonderful state of nature; but when he came to analyze civilized life in *The Social Compact* he recognized a new set of facts. His reasoning was often loose, but his perceptions were those of a man of genius. Wherever "the forces of life" are unchecked, he says, they tend to destroy equality; but the social pact works powerfully to arrest the tendency, substituting for the inequalities of nature a moral and legal equality. "Unequal in physical

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force or in genius," men are only "equal by the conventions of the law." So equality became, to Rousseau as to us, a legal convention. Liberty was something more—an active principle. Yet it had definite limitations. "To obey every appetite is to be a slave to mere impulse," but if one lives under the self-imposed laws of a sovereign people the laws "become instruments of a truer and higher freedom." Equality is of the law but liberty is the distilled essence of civilized living. And so, having begun as an individualist uncompromising and absolute, Rousseau became an uncompromising and absolute champion of the sovereign state, a precursor of the Prussian. "As nature gives to each man absolute power over all his members, so the social compact gives the body politic an absolute power over all its units."

The justification of the state is that it gives the highest liberty which is possible to the civilized individual—scope to talents that, without it, would be thwarted. Equality itself becomes a mere convention of the law in order that each man shall live his life to the utmost—for himself and for the state. In our thoughtless moods we vaunt our liberty; but when the day of trial comes we know that liberty is the most austere of masters, to whom true men give to the utmost in service and sacrifice. No principle in a republic is more basic than this, that the absolute right of an individual to take wealth and power out of the national stock is proportioned to the vigor and ability with which he uses it for the national good.

The *Discourse upon Inequality* was the prime motive force in the upheaval of 1789—in which Jefferson, though American Ambassador, took an active part. But when the Revolution had progressed to the point of organizing a Government of its own it drew its philosophic inspiration from the maturer *Social Compact,* and the result was a State exerting a sovereignty rigid and absolute. Jefferson, meantime, had returned to America. He escaped the Terror, but he missed also the more deeply philosophic influences of his master—both as expounded in *The Social Compact,* which he does not appear to have read, and as exemplified in the constitution of the First Republic. Republican sovereignty as administered by Robespierre no doubt confirmed his belief in "unrestraint" and red Indians. Meantime in America, as it happened, Washington and Hamilton were organizing a Government which, though perhaps unconsciously,

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was in general accord with the ideas of *The Social Compact*. To them citizenship implied service; government was a function austere and noble. But to Jefferson their every thought was anathema. They were "tyrants," "monarchists," "monocrats" and what not—Washington and Hamilton. Eventually, thanks to the blunders of the Federalists who succeeded Washington, Jefferson brought off his "Revolution of 1800"—the foundation of the Democratic party—which he never ceased to laud as an event equal in importance to the Revolution of 1776. In so doing, he fixed upon our political thought a wholly doctrinary and largely false conception of republican institutions, exalting above the mature theory of Rousseau, above the organized practice of the founders of our nation, a nebulous dream of equality.

For our present purpose all this is of importance chiefly as applying, not to individuals but to groups—if you will, to classes; for they also in a republic are subject to a conflict between the principles of equality and liberty, subject to the necessity of using the national resources for the general good. The laborer claims a right to hours that enable him to give the needed strength to his work and to have due leisure for self-development; to wages that enable him to maintain his efficiency and to provide normal opportunities for those who depend on him—to rise out of his class, if he is able, to any height. On what principle, if not those we have adduced, can he justify this claim—equality as to the laws of the game with liberty to play it to the utmost? The capitalist claims the right to a life which shall keep him in touch with the world he so largely controls, the right to bend to his purpose as large a portion of the wealth of mankind as he can rightfully amass; and all this we have freely granted him. No claim is made for the brain worker. He is forgotten so fully that if he also asserts his right to survive and to serve, according to his needs and the needs of the state, men rub their eyes.

Today the cause of the middle class has—very suddenly, as it seems—become the cause of the state. The proletarian is rising with an insistent demand that equality be granted him not only in politics but in industry—that all of wealth and all of social amenity—all of civilization, in short—which the race has achieved through the disciplined liberty of the individual be subjected, day by day, to the will of the industrial voter. With class warfare already upon us, the

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blindest can see in the middle class a powerful and indispensable ally—with whose aid the ideals and the institutions of the fathers may still be preserved and without whom the liberties of all will crumble.

No precise count or classification of the middle class exists; like so many of the rest of us, the census taker has forgotten them. Yet in a general way we can estimate who and what they are. Very largely they are Americans of the older stock. Edward Alsworth Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, estimates that fully one quarter of our population are descended from the Puritans who sought the wilderness between 1618 and 1640—the men who have caused New England to be humorously styled the "brain orchard" of the nation. One sixth of our population at the time of the Revolution were of the scarcely less able Scotch-Irish stock; and, until recent decades, they also have multiplied mightily. It is conservatively estimated that of the Americans of today some 40,000,000, or over 42 per cent. of our white population, are descended on both sides from Colonial ancestors. Some of these no doubt are degenerate; the great majority are still educated, energetic. In the nineteenth century also our immigration was from a stock of prime vitality. Professor Ross estimates that those of German ancestry comprise 25 per cent. of our present population. The immigration of Scandinavians up to 1910 numbered almost two millions, and of Celtic Irish over four millions; with their descendants they doubtless number 8 per cent. of the population. In all 75 per cent. of native Americans come from the Nordic peoples. In addition there were, in 1910 upward of two million recent immigrants born in Europe, including 1,221,000 from England, Scotland and Wales. In purely British stock alone, as W. S. Rossiter has pointed out, we outnumber the British Isles and Canada combined, with some 55,000,000 as against some 50,000,000—the scale being turned against us by 5,000,000 Australian Britons and a smaller number in South Africa.

In all of these national groups in America there are, of course, many who cannot be included in the middle class; but the fact remains that over three-quarters of all Americans are from nations predominantly of the North European stock. They readily fall into the spirit of our life and the abler of them, being equal before the law and individu-

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ally free, rise easily into the middle class. As the United States is the richest of modern countries in material resources, so also it is the largest single reservoir of the Nordic stock. And the middle class is its brain power. Is it not an omen, a portent, that more and more the middle class is submerged by the unregenerate hordes of new immigration from the east and south of Europe—that we make it a virtue to teach them the phrases of democracy, equality?

Wherever civilization has reached its pinnacles, it has been under the leadership of this northern man—the Aryan, as he is more familiarly, though less accurately, known—in Assyria, in Persia, in Greece, in Rome, and now again in the nations of the north and west of Europe. And wherever the Aryan civilization has reached its utmost heights it has developed free institutions. Yet freedom has not meant stability: the power of self-control has not endured. In Greece the rise of democracy and in Rome the rise of the Republic was speedily followed by a decline—a tragic and arresting phenomenon. It would be interesting to know why. Historic records are meager, yet two factors may still be distinguished—the wasting of the best blood and its weakening through intercourse with alien peoples.

As to Greece we can be sure only of the former cause—civil war, adventurous mercenary expeditions and the migration of men of intellect to alien Mediterranean ports. Before Hellas could achieve unity, its best were no more. But there must also have been a corruption of those who lived on in Greece. How soon this happened we do not know; yet it is worthy of note that, as early as 450 B. C., Athenians found it necessary to pass a law limiting citizenship to men both of whose parents were citizens. Even in the age of Pericles, it would seem, the danger of an admixture of alien blood was serious. Today among the people who speak the language of Homer there is only a thin trickling of the ancient blood.

The case of Rome is clearer. When the old Romans ceased to labor with their own hands, their place was supplied by slaves—who were furnished in abundance, and from a great variety of races, by ever widening conquest. It was the custom to select the slaves on each estate from different nationalities, so that language would prove a barrier to intrigue and insurrection—and thus the way was paved to an eventual admixture of widely divergent races. Men of

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the Latin stock, meantime, extinguished one another in fierce civil war and in wholesale proscriptions. The virtues of family life sank in luxurious idleness and debauchery—the most sordid and hideous race suicide. From the lack of men of the ancient stock, Roman citizenship was thrown open to freed men—an actual if not a doctrinary equality. In the first century of our era, Tacitus noted that the people of Rome were almost entirely of the class of emancipated slaves. Freedom died with the Roman stock, in the birth of the new equality. Roman institutions remained, and enough of the original race to administer them; but among the people as a whole the Aryan spirit was submerged. Only an Empire was possible. Many causes have been alleged for the decline of the Empire, but this is probably the most fundamental. Only of late have students of history taken note of all this and there is doubtless truth in what they say, that the determining factor in history is not war, politics or economics, but race. Or, to paraphrase another publicist, liberty rests upon the superiority of the citizen.

In the modern world once again the Nordic race has developed free institutions. There is no abatement of the warlike spirit, or of the racial devastation which it works. From the ethnological point of view the recent war was a civil conflict, and the slaughter of the best blood was unprecedented, appalling. We of the new world fought as the Nordic has always fought when he felt that his liberty was in danger; but fortunately our losses in battle were relatively few. Yet we suffered a far greater loss through the war, which few have noted—still suffer it, and shall do so for decades to come. It is the loss of children who should be but will not be born. And these are almost wholly children of the middle class.

For a generation before the war, race suicide had been noted—and noted as a middle-class phenomenon. Though analyzed statistics are lacking, it is probable that among highly educated and professional people—the finest flower of the nation—it has progressed farther even than in France. Before the war a Harvard professor calculated that if the university were limited to the sons of graduates it would have to close its doors within a century. During the war the proletariat continued, as always, to swarm; being organized, it was able, on the whole, to maintain the normal proportion of wages to the price of commodities. But those

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dependent upon salaries have been forced lower and still lower in the scale of living, both during and since the war. Men and women of today who are hard put to it to feed and clothe themselves and maintain the dignity of their standards do not bring children into the world to increase their hardships—and to suffer from them, as children must, tenfold. Our middle class has little of the ancient lust of conquest and delight in military adventure— though it fights with the best when it must and dies with the age-old heroism. Its ruling passions are those of peace. Thanks to the diffusion of knowledge, and of spiritual comprehension, it stands on a higher plane than has ever before been possible to it, in the history of the world. Yet even in normal times of late, and especially under the impact of war, it has suffered diminution of its best blood as surely as those of the ancient world suffered through orgies of civil strife and debauchery.

The reason for this loss is much more nearly the same in modern and ancient times than appears on the surface. In Greece and Rome, the excesses of warfare and of debauchery were a result of slave labor; for, except the pursuit of philosophy, the youth of the dominant stock had little else to do. Americans of the middle class are more fortunate in having to work for their livelihood; yet an important—perhaps the fundamental—cause of their decline lies in the age-old problem of the manual laborer—with us the problem of a disguised slavery, the " new " immigration.

As early as 1891 General Francis A. Walker noted the sterilizing power of immigration. " Not only did the decline in the native element as a whole take place in singular correspondence with the excess of foreign arrivals, but it occurred chiefly in just those regions to which the newcomers most frequently resorted." " When the country was flooded with ignorant and unskilled foreigners, Americans instinctively shrank from the contact and the competition thus offered them." Other causes may be noted. The burden of taxation and of the cost of living fall most heavily upon the middle class. Meantime their standards are advancing. There has been a wide increase of reading, of devotion to music and playgoing, of knowledge of the great world and of interest in society and fashion—in brief, all the phenomena of a rapidly diffusing civilization. In individual instances the resulting limitation of the family is often selfish and wilful; but on the whole, the lifting of

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the cultural standards of the middle class is the result of a sound and salutary instinct, calculated to give it precisely the breadth of outlook and tonic mentality which has always been its greatest need. And at the worst this cause is secondary. The primary cause is immigration, the results of which are so immediate and definite that, as General Walker found, they could be checked off "in those States and in the very counties" into which immigration flowed.

All this became evident even under the old immigration from Northern Europe, which reached its crest in 1882 and then steadily subsided. By 1896 a widely different immigration had come to surpass it in numbers, floods of "Mediterranean" and "Alpine" peoples from southern and eastern Europe and Asia Minor, including half a million largely Mongolian in blood—Portuguese, Sicilians, South Italians, Greeks, Slovaks, Lithuanians, Poles, Syrians, Armenians—people that, having been basely subjected throughout history, still live in mediaeval filth and squalor, with little sense of the dignity of life or the nobility of womanhood; people who have no experience of free institutions and probably little or no capacity for them.

Our tolerance of the new immigration has two sets of causes, ironically contrasted. The chief consideration, from our side of the water, has been the profit that is to be made out of laborers who will submit to an un-American standard of living—and of wages. Hand in glove with this is the profit which steamship lines find in a multitude of steerage passengers. These are no mere allegations but facts familiar to all sociologists—who make use of them nowadays mainly as socialistic propaganda. A vigorous contributory cause has been the effort of philanthropic Jews to relieve their nationals from the persecutions of central Europe, and to open up to them the blessing of our land and its institutions —a movement that has been more successful, far, than Zionism. "Not only Jerusalem is the golden." These forces of our own ruthless greed and of an intelligent race philanthropy have found a strong ally in our national sentimentality—which propagandists from the basic industries, from the steamship companies and from the friends of Russian and Polish Jews have not been slow to foster. The "blessing of democratic institutions," they tell us, is a solvent in which all races rise to any desired height. In praise of our "melting pot," Israel Zangwill wrote a whole, long

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play, which had a wide appeal to our self approbration. Even the politicians have joined the fulsome eulogy—for many of them find in the increasing hordes of ignorant voters an inexhaustible source of power. One and all point out—and not without truth—that in patience and endurance, as also in thrift, these aliens are our superiors—neglecting to add, of course, that these very qualities, coupled with their lower standard of conduct and thought, will enable them eventually to dispossess us of our birthright. They subtly suggest that, by relieving us of the merely manual task, they leave us free to advance in prosperity and in the enjoyment of it—but do not point out the inevitable end of that enjoyment! They appeal mightily to our "reason" in suggesting that the only quick solution of the servant problem is in rapidly increasing immigration. No doubt the wise ones said the same in Rome! Industrially and politically we are committing the age-old Nordic folly. And we not only give these "wage slaves" full citizenship but proclaim them in all ways our equals—blandly assume that we have "Americanized" them when we have taught them our patter of equality and democracy.

The peoples of the old immigration spoke various languages, had various national characters and traditions; but racially they were for the most part close kindred—to one another and to us. The melting pot has melted nothing—biologists know that it can melt nothing. Widely divergent races may mingle but they do not blend. And the result of their mingling is mongrelization—the progressive debasement of both stocks which has made the "free institutions" of Central and South America a jest. In becoming Americans, immigrants of the northern race have sloughed off their superficial and merely national differences, but in the process they have realized more fully their unity and harmony of race. For the first century of its life our nation, though traveling the dangerous, untrod paths of democracy, has been the world's paragon of stability—as the nations to the south of us have been a byword of facile revolution. And now we also have started in the way that, in the slow lapse of centuries, can only end in mongrelization.

Meantime there is a near danger, not racial but political—a danger of revolution, which the public has strangely misconceived. Nowhere is the force of racial instinct more clearly evident than in the popular conception that the really

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dangerous radicals are foreigners. In point of fact, alien propagandists have been relatively few and, except in the incitement of sporadic violence, impotent. As for the great masses of immigrants, they have been too ignorant, too hard-working, too much bent upon the week's wage, to give thought to revolution. Even in the steel strike, which was essentially a strike of "new" immigrants, the revolutionary element was negligible. The organizing leaders, Fitzpatrick and Foster, were Americans—and revolutionists. So everywhere, the radical element which is dangerous consists of Americans born and bred.

And with the leaders we have furnished the inflammatory idea, without which revolution is impossible—we ourselves, the American people. Professing the Jeffersonian doctrine of universal equality, we have carried it to its political consummation in universal franchise. Whether right or wrong, that step cannot be retraced. If we proceed by the ancient logic, however, one more step is inevitable. Like our political government, our industries, and their invested capital, will be administered democratically. For, though we persistently blink the fact, the basic principle of Socialism is the doctrine of equality. By the logic of our own teaching, industry must be controlled by all workers—including the "wage slaves" of the new immigration.

Now in industrial democracy there are many plausible and perhaps fruitful ideas. Even the American Federation of Labor, once so solidly conservative, has declared in favor of "democratic control" of the railways, and by an overwhelming majority. It is a confident prophet who will say that our great industrial units may not some day have a definite power over government as it affects their special interests. But if this new order is to be ruled by its educated brain force, and not by the voice of the ignorant and racially inferior laborer, it can only be by a candid recognition of the special services and responsibilities of the middle class.

Many questions arise of the when, the how, and the wherewithal—questions which, far from being answered, have not yet been clearly put. But beneath them all lies this necessity: the Jeffersonian bubble of equality must be pricked. Above equality is liberty, and liberty rests upon the superiority of the citizen.

JOHN CORBIN.

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THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

By VERNON KELLOGG

WHILE engaged with the work of Mr. Hoover's relief commission in German-occupied Belgium and France in 1915 and 1916 it was my peculiar privilege—and necessity—to live for several months at the German Great Headquarters in Charleville and to make many visits on matters of relief diplomacy to the headquarters in other months. Under these circumstances I came naturally to make the acquaintance of numerous important officers of the German General Staff, and to have much frank talk with them —with some of them at least. Now while this talking with the staff officers was not chiefly devoted to a discussion of science it touched so often on one particular matter of science that this matter will ever remain one of the outstanding indelible memories of these extraordinary conversations and experiences. And reference to it now will serve very well to introduce this present account of the National Research Council.

Whenever German victories were interrupted for a few days or weeks, or, as in the latter part of the period of my relations with the headquarters, were replaced by grudgingly admitted Allied successes, the officers of the General Staff had one unfailing solace. "All right," said they, "our scientific men will give us something new. They are all at work; their work is all organized so as to meet any emergency; just wait until next week or next month and we'll have something to make your eyes stick out." This is admittedly a rather free translation of what they said, but it conveys the meaning of their boasts. And they were not idle boasts. The organized scientific men of Germany did make the world's eyes stick out several times during the war. So at Great Headquarters there was always a confidence which

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the spectacle of nation after nation allying itself to Germany's enemies would otherwise have made difficult to maintain. It was the confidence in Germany's organized science. And it was necessary before the war could be won to meet German science with English and French and Italian and American science. We and the Allies had to organize science, too, and, with a haste made desperate by necessity, it was done.

Stimulated both by the revealed need and by the realized possibilities of coordinated scientific attack on problems presented by the war, America and the Allies have taken steps to provide for a continuing encouragement and support of organized scientific research for the sake of an increased national strength and well-being. Scientific advance has a direct relation to national welfare and national progress. Although the World War has ended there is going on, and there is to go on continuously, a silent and less spectacular, but hardly less important or fateful warfare of each nation with disease and food lack and refractory natural conditions and of nation against nation in industrial and general economic competition. In all of this warfare science, both in its application and fundamental principles, plays, next to the racial qualities of the people, the preponderant role.

It is little wonder then that the illuminating revelation made by the war of this really basic importance of science in national strength has led to serious attempts by the more forward and understanding nations to put themselves in the way to take greater advantage than heretofore of their scientific resources, both of personnel and material. Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan and America have all taken special steps to continue and to extend their scientific mobilization and organization for the new period of national reconstruction and international economic competition, and to be ready for the next great war if the present efforts to avert it fail.

In December, 1916, England established a Government Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which was made responsible to the Lord President of the Council, who is the only Cabinet Minister who has relations with the whole British Empire. It was recognized that if British scientific research is to be organized efficiently, it must concern the whole empire.

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But the great Dominions have not been content to rely solely on the activities of the mother country. Canada and Australia have already set up special governmental bureaus or institutes of scientific research, and South Africa, India and New Zealand have taken the necessary steps to establish similar organizations.

The other Allies have also taken, or are in course of taking, their measures in the same direction. Japan's activities are especially marked. A national laboratory for scientific and industrial reasearch has been established with a first fund of two and a half million dollars for its maintenance. The work of this laboratory is being organized to deal especially with a series of selected subjects, such as electricity and electro-chemistry, scientific apparatus, drugs, dyes, perfumes, rubber, artificial or imitation silk, foodstuffs and beverages, oils, fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, utilization of fumes of metallurgical works, resistance power and speed of ships, fireproof and earthquake-proof buildings, and other subjects of national importance. Young men of promise in research are being appointed to fellowships and sent abroad.

In France, Italy and Belgium, the new organization of scientific work is in a more preliminary state of development, but in each of these countries, organization is actually under way.

What of America? Well, we also are moving. We have, for many years, had well-developed and well-supported governmental bureaus of scientific work. The list of them is long and imposing. We have also a number of well-organized and active special institutions of scientific research, supported by the great philanthropic foundations, such as the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation, or by other private (as contrasted with Government) funds. We have developed first-class research laboratories and research men in the universities and great technical colleges of the country. There are, too, a considerable number of industrial research laboratories supported directly by industrial concerns. Some of these are large, but most of them are small and very strictly limited to a few special "works problems," of particular interest to the special industrial concerns supporting them. A list of about three hundred such private industrial laboratories has recently been published in a National Research Council

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bulletin, and there are undoubtedly others not included in this list. But in Germany such research laboratories are not looked on as unusual or *de luxe* appendages of industrial concerns; they are something taken for granted as an integral necessary part of the industrial plant. Many thousands of highly trained German research experts find their regular employment in them. It is a familiar German scientific career.

But with all our various and excellent Government and university and private scientific laboratories, we found ourselves in the war needing something else. We needed a means for temporarily amalgamating and coordinating our research facilities both as to personnel and equipment. We needed means for a swift mobilization of the total scientific resources of the country, so that a combined and intensive attack could promptly be made on the pressing great wartime problems that demanded serious scientific investigation and ingenious scientific application for their solution.

There was therefore set up in the latter part of 1916, before we had actually entered the war, but when it was apparent to most thinking men that our entrance was only a matter of time, a cooperative organization of the scientific men of America, called the National Research Council. It was established under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences. The academy itself was established by act of Congress, signed by President Lincoln on March 3, 1863. Its charter states that "the academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment and report upon any of the subjects of science or art." Under this provision, the academy dealt with many military problems during the Civil War, and since that time it has frequently been asked by the President, by Congress, and by heads of Government departments, to report on scientific and technical questions. In April, 1916, just after the *Sussex* incident, the academy offered its services to the President to assist the Government in any preparation it might be making for possible war. The President promptly acknowledged the offer and requested that steps be taken by the academy to organize the research agencies of the country, not solely with respect to the necessities of possible war, but also because of the importance of developing and utilizing their agencies more effectively under

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peace conditions. The establishment of the National Research Council was the answer to this request.

It was not exactly the springing up of a million men to seize arms, and, untrained and unled, to form a great army to save the country, but it was the voluntary offering of thousands of trained and experienced scientific investigators to put themselves and their knowledge and capacity, under proper suggestion and leadership, at the service of their country. And they did real service. The men who know the secrets of the war know that; the responsible men of the Army and Navy will gladly testify to it. Joining their effort through the organized National Research Council with that of the scientific men already in regular Government service in Army, Navy and Washington bureaus, they attacked energetically and simultaneously all the pressing war-time technical problems.

Under the general direction of the Council many great centers of research throughout the country were kept occupied with Government work. In more than a score of leading universities the scientific laboratories gave feverish attention to military problems involving elaborate scientific investigation. The Council directed investigations relating to gun defense, high explosives, smoke screens, dyes, wireless telegraphy and telephony, fuel substitutes, detection of submarines, testing of materials and pathological and medical problems. Associated with the Council was also the group of psychologists whose work so largely modified the methods of organizing Army and Navy personnel.

Space forbids any detailed account of this work accomplished by the organization of American science under the stimulus of war. But the lesson from the work and from the manner in which it was accomplished is clear. It is that many forms of scientific effort can be greatly speeded up by proper stimulus; that many efforts can be made immensely more effective by proper organization; and, that while such organization can be encouraged and helped by the Government, it can be effected by cooperative effort among scientific men themselves. The present post-war reorganization of the National Research Council for coordinated attack on reconstruction and peace-time scientific problems affecting the national welfare has been largely determined by a recognition of the lessons learned in its war effort.

As it exists today, therefore, the National Research

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Council is a cooperative organization of the scientific men of America, including also a representation of business men interested in engineering and industry and in the fundamental, or "pure," science on which the "applied" science depends. The Council enjoys the formal recognition and active cooperation of most of the major scientific and technical societies of the country, its membership being largely composed of appointed representatives of these societies. Although partly supported during the war period by the Government, it is now entirely supported from other than governmental sources and is entirely controlled by its own representatively selected membership and democratically chosen officers. It expects to maintain a close cooperation with Government scientific bureaus and their activities, but it is in no sense itself a Government bureau, differing in this respect from the more or less similar organizations, established for the same purpose by England, Japan and the other Allies, already described. Its essential purpose is the promotion of scientific research and of the application and dissemination of scientific knowledge for the benefit of the nation.

The Council is composed of a series of major divisions, one group of seven divisions of science and technology representing, respectively, physics, mathematics and astronomy; psychology and anthropology; geology and geography; the medical sciences, and engineering, and another group of six divisions of general relations, representing foreign relations, Government relations, States relations, educational relations, research extension and research information. As subordinate or affiliated lesser groups, each of these divisions comprises a larger or smaller series of committees, each with its special problem or subject of attention. There are certain other committees, administrative and technical, which affiliate directly with the executive board of the Council. Its general administrative officers are a chairman, three vice-chairmen, permanent secretary, treasurer, and a chairman of each of the various divisions. All of these, except the permanent secretary and treasurer, are elected annually by the executive board or by the members of the divisions.

The financial support of the administrative work of the Council is assured by a gift of five million dollars, recently made by the Carnegie Corporation. Part of this gift is to

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be devoted to the erection of a suitable building in Washington for the joint use of the Council and the National Academy of Sciences. The rest is to serve as a permanent endowment for the Council. For the support of the special scientific projects set on foot or fostered by the Council, it relies on special gifts obtained from time to time from various sources. The most notable of these gifts so far made has been one of five hundred thousand dollars by the Rockefeller Foundation for the support, during five years, of a group of National Research Fellowships in Physics and Chemistry, administered by a Research Fellowship Board, affiliated with the Council. Other considerable gifts for specific purposes have been made by various philanthropic foundations, large industrial concerns, and private individuals interested in the advancement of science. The funds for the purchase of the land in Washington on which the headquarters building is to be erected were obtained from a score of such generous individuals.

So much for the general relations of the Council to the scientific men and societies of the country and for the skeleton of its organization and support. It will be seen by this outline that the Council is organized to be the direct instrument democratically controlled, of the scientific men of the country. And it distinctly considers itself as such. Any idea of an attempted domination of research activities in America is distinctly foreign to its thought. It looks upon itself as a means of promotion, of assistance, of helping to bring about a cooperation and coordination of American scientific endeavor and of *liaison* between this endeavor and that of other countries.

As for the policies and methods by which the Council hopes to accomplish results of service to science and the national well-being, limitations of space will prevent any but the briefest attempt to discuss them.

The Council is neither a large operating scientific laboratory, nor a repository of large funds to be given away to scattered scientific workers or institutions. It is rather an organization for bringing together scattered work and workers, for coordinating in some measure scientific attack in America on large problems in any and all lines of scientific activity, especially, perhaps, on those problems which depend for successful solution on the cooperation of several or many workers and laboratories, either within the

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realms of a single science or representing different realms in which various parts of a single problem may lie. It particularly intends not to duplicate or in the slightest degree to interfere with work already under way; to such work it only hopes to offer encouragement and support where needed and possible to be given. It hopes to help maintain the *morale* of devoted isolated investigators, and to stimulate renewed effort among groups willing but halted by obstacles. It will try to educate the managers of great industries which depend on the applications of science for their success to a fuller appreciation of the necessity of support by them of fundamental science. It will try to encourage the interest in universities and colleges of research work and the training of research workers so that the inspiration and fitting of American youth for scientific work may never fall so low as to threaten to interrupt the constantly needed output of well-trained and devoted scientific talent in the land.

With any serious interruption in the output of American science and scientific workers the strength of the nation will be immediately threatened. The industries are today seriously draining the universities and the technical bureaus of the Government in their eager search for scientific men. This may mean an immediate advantage to the industries, but it means also an immediate injury to the indispensable scientific work of the Government and a grave menace to the future of all science in the country, including necessarily that required by the industries themselves. It is the obtaining of a supply of scientific men to satisfy the needs of the industries at the present at the expense of the provision of scientific men for the future. For it is upon the presence in the universities of a large body of devoted and inspiring scientific workers and teachers that the training and inspiration of new workers depends.

The methods of contributing practical assistance to American science in harmony with the general point of view and policy outlined above, which the Council has so far adopted are various. One is the establishment of special committees of carefully chosen experts for specific scientific subjects or problems urgently needing consideration, which plan modes of attack and undertake to find men and means (with the assistance of the general administrative offices of the Council) for carrying out the plan.

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About eighty such committees are now in existence. Another is the bringing together of industrial concerns interested in the development of the scientific basis of their processes and inducing them to support the establishment of special laboratories or institutes devoted to this development under the advice of experts representing the Council. Another is the stimulation of larger industrial organizations which may be in a situation to maintain their own independent laboratories to see the advantage of contributing to the support of pure science in the universities and research institutes for the sake of increasing scientific knowledge and scientific personnel on which future progress in applied science absolutely depends. A great English industrial concern has just given half a million dollars for the support of research in the English universities. Other methods are the direct maintenance of university research fellowships; the publication of valuable scientific papers for which there is at present no other suitable prompt means of issuance; the preparation of bibliographies and abstracts of current scientific literature; the setting up of well-considered mechanisms for the collection and distribution of information on current research, university and industrial research laboratories and facilities, research personnel, etc.; and the dissemination through the press and magazines of popular but authentic scientific news and information for the sake of increasing the public interest in and support of productive scientific work. Still other forms of activities might be listed, but those given adequately illustrate the Council's methods.

Certain criticisms of the Council's programme readily suggest themselves to the critical-minded. One of these criticisms, especially, has been repeatedly voiced. It is that true research is the function only of the creative imagination; that it comes only from the scientific genius, and that he cannot be "organized." No amount of organization or special stimulation, or support of research can produce more or better science than the scientific geniuses will produce anyway.

The criticism assumes that research is all of one grade and that the very highest. It assumes that the only research is the truly creative work of the most gifted minds, the epoch-making men of the Galileo, Newton, Darwin, Einstein type. Such men need no stimulation; they do not

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need organizing. We may grant that the greatest contributions to science have come and will always come from such men, and that they cannot be organized. They do not need "cooperation and coordination." But even that is not to say that they cannot be given, to great advantage, much material assistance in the way of experimental facilities and extra pairs of hands and eyes to save them time and energy. Among the most convinced and enthusiastic adherents to the National Research Council are men who, if we have any geniuses at all among American men of science, are admittedly such men. The most active man in the foundation and present development of the Council is one whose claim to genius would certainly be admitted in any consensus of American scientific men. This man believes that American science can be greatly advanced by organization.

He believes this because the real answer to the criticism is that a great deal of scientific investigation of great excellence and value and a great many scientific investigators of high capacity and fruitfulness are not of the genius type but are yet greatly worth while to the nation and the world, and that such work and men can be greatly helped by planned organization. Much research is so many-sided in its aspects that it cannot successfully be undertaken by one man working alone. Much research imperatively demands the cooperating work of several men and several laboratories; it may call for simultaneous and coordinated investigation by chemists and biologists; or physicists and geologists; or any three or all four of these. Problems of great national importance, such as many of those connected with food production and use, fuel production and use, public health, and plant protection, are simply beyond the powers of the single isolated workers to attack. Many good men and much good work in several different lines of science are needed for swift and large advance toward solving such problems. And such work does really need planned organization. It is particularly in connection with such problems that the National Research Council will probably find its chief opportunities to help in the encouragement and support of American science.

In a democracy like America's there are enjoyed the unquestioned advantages which spring from wide opportunity and the high premium put on individual initiative.

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In all undertakings in which these two circumstances are crucial we outstrip all competition. But our success in this respect is purchased at a price, a price that we were likely to have paid very highly for in the World War; just as England and France did pay this price, so long as Germany held the advantage gained by having foreseen and prepared for other possible circumstances. Germany alone had seen the advantage of organized and coordinated scientific work and until the Allies and ourselves had taken a leaf from Germany's book and had similarly organized concerted scientific endeavor the victories were chiefly to Germany's science-backed armies and submarines.

What America needs is not to give up its individual initiative in science but to add to it means for coordination and organization. We need a wider recognition, an increased social evaluation of the place of scientific research in our national life, and hence a willingness not only to encourage and support individual scientific effort but also to insure a greatly augmented productivity of present research agencies and a much more effective coordination of them both with regard to planning and to executing the broad, inclusive scientific investigations which are required for the solution of the problems concerned with the most effective use of our national resources, with the highest production in our agriculture and industry, and with our national health. In a word we need more, and better-coordinated, science for the preservation and development of our national strength. The National Research Council is an organization that hopes to contribute in some degree, however modest, to the meeting of this need.

VERNON KELLOGG.

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"HOW'S IT LOOK OVER THERE?"

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ANIZY-LE-CHATEAU, an ancient village in the Aisne valley, is a desolate cluster of house-stumps, so engrossed with the burden the war left on its shoulders that, until only a few months ago, the bleached skeleton of some nameless poilu lay white amid the poppies, with all the world about too tired, too hardened or too busy to draw a sheet of earth across him.

The château that gave the hamlet its name, the manor house around which the life of Anizy had taken shape, is gone. Only a poor, jagged fragment of a single wall is left as a reminder of all its elegance. That château had been nested in by the Germans and it was blown to powder by the French guns perched just over the slope of the hill to the south. It is one of the legends of Anizy that the French artillery captain who directed its fire had been himself the owner of the château, born and bred within its walls like his father and his grandfather before him. Very likely the story is true.

As you trundle up the white road from Coucy these days, Anizy in the distant sunlight seems like a dead city, killed by the touch of some leprous giant reaching out of the ominous East. Yet as you draw nearer, you hear the occasional clink of hammer on stone, the wheeze of a leisurely saw, the rattle of pails, the hum of voices, the music of life. And in the village itself, you come upon things that tighten your throat, brave and comic and steadfast things that make you want to laugh and cry at the same time, and, passing, leave you with renewed respect for the spirit of man.

For example, there's the hotel. Anizy-le-Château has one. It isn't much of a hotel, to be sure — just such a long, bleak, wooden barrack as could be seen by the hundreds in any American camp this time two years ago. But as you

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approach it, even across three or four blocks of crumbled homes, you catch the magnificent *élan* of its signboard and you know that something of the spirit of France—that baffling mixture of great bravery and some bravado, of fine art and some charlatanry — was in the hand that painted it. It reads:

GRAND EUROPEAN HOTEL
Weddings and Banquets

It is not till you get very near that you see its pathetic reservation, painted in shamefaced type underneath. There the management makes this confession: *"On a le droit de porter son manger,"* which, in our jargon, can best be translated: "Basket parties welcome."

Then, further along the wasted streets, you come upon another unexpected thing, a neat little shack from the door of which smiles a sunny, competent-looking woman from Denver. Inside, white, cheery and spick and span, is a dentist's office, and there, or in the neighborhood, she has been for many a month, tending to the reconstruction of France in the way she knows best. The teeth of a countryside have been her care — the jaws of German prisoners, homesick Annamites, American relief-workers, languid Portuguese laborers, but above all, of the French children of the Aisne valley — the sharp-faced, bright-eyed youngsters whose refugee babyhood is being followed now by precarious school days in shacks pitched here and there amid a man-made wilderness. It is amusing to see Mauricette, whose turn comes next, sitting on a high stool to watch, for her own gratification and reassurance, the gentle operations on the molars of Marcel, and amusing, too, to watch both children scamper away down the lane of ruins, each right hand bristling with a brand-new toothbrush.

At this dental parlor, no money is asked, for the woman from Denver is just an outpost of the C. A. R. D. — the American Committee for the Devastated Regions—that relief organization which Mrs. A. M. Dike directs from Paris and for which Miss Anne Morgan is the campaigner on this side of the Atlantic.

Sights such as Anizy-le-Château has to offer — the unburied poilu, the obliterated manor, the spunky hotel, the toiling recommencement — are to be seen the length of the old battle-line, from the hillside hamlets in Alsace to the fishing villages of Flanders. But it is the Aisne valley that

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must interest Americans most for there, where the troops from Michigan and Wisconsin came to glory, there where the breathless youngsters of the First and Second Divisions were thrown like a piercing javelin for the redemption of Soissons, there the work of reconstruction has been turned over in some measure to the Americans. They have given us the Department of the Aisne and in its hundred odd villages, government or no government, Republican or Democrat, league or no league, there we are at work.

The work is slow. To any American coming back from France these days, the first greeting from a quondam member of the A. E. F. is always this:

"Well, how's it look over there? Changed much?"

To which, after some futile, short-lived notion of describing the great mutilated stretch of France, with its million discouragements and its thousand and one evidences of renewing life, the returning wanderer must needs answer:

"No, not much."

For the impression that the old battlefields make is of havoc undisturbed, paralysis uncured. The soldier who goes back to his old dugout in the woods near Grand Pré is likely to find that only the steady rains have reshaped it, that the old helmet the shell-hit blew from his head still lies where it fell two years ago and more. The villages of the Meuse, the Ourcq, the Vesle and the Aisne look much as they did when the American troops trudged out of them for the last time. It is true that the rubble is gone from the streets, and the litter of stone has been reduced to neat piles of assorted pieces. Here and there a rough, new cottage has been fashioned from the materials of its demolished predecessor. At intervals there are unfamiliar shacks and barracks. But on the whole, Montfaucon and Fère-en-Tardenois and Juvigny — they all look much as they did when the Yanks started home. Vaux, that little Marne village which the artillery behind the Ninth Infantry blew to bits in the excitement of June, 1918 — Vaux has only one new building. It is not much of a building at that — just a shack of wood and tar paper. And it is not a dwelling at all. It is a buvette.

It is in the spaces between the villages that the change is so remarkable. You see it even in the rolling land of the Argonne and the blasted countryside of the Chemin-des-Dames. For almost everywhere some tilling has been done.

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The recaptured fields have yielded their crops, some for one, some for two harvests, and with the passing of two peaceful Summers, have begun to take on once more the look of a blessed land. When the skies are kind, when all the fields are blooming, and patches of ripening wheat reward the eye at every turn, the passer-by can almost forget the war was ever fought. The healing that Nature can do has been done, and, in the Summer, her touch brings life and color and animation even to stretches of French countryside that two years ago looked as dead as the face of the moon.

Coucy-le-Château, that most perfect relic of mediaeval France which was dynamited by the Germans in their retreat, is now just a mound of tumbled stone, acres of tumbled stone, a ghastly and a bitter sight. Yet that great ruin in Summer time is a dazzling spectacle, so marvellous are the myriad bluebells which have overgrown it like an azure mantle. Belleau Wood is still torn and twisted, a mute memorial of the agony it shared and witnessed one far-off, half-forgotten June. Yet in Summer time, it is a glorious green.

Now it is in Summer that the tourists whiz by in their great sight-seeing cars, note all the health and ardor of a renascent land, strain their eyes for any really pleasurable scenes of destruction and return breathless to Paris to report that the devastation has been much exaggerated. Propaganda, they say, knowingly.

They would not say that if they could see the battlefields in Winter, the chill, wet French Winter, when the crumbled towns and villages stand out bleak in the lean, bare, deflowered countryside. They would not say it even in mid-July, if they could leave their fast-riding motor-cars and move around in the villages long enough and sympathetically enough to see what manner of life is lived in them. But then, in that event, they would probably say: "Aren't the French slow? Why, if this had happened in America, it would all have been built up good as new by this time. What they need over here is a little American pep. They ought to have a Charlie Schwab over here to show them what speed is. He'd show them, all right. We'll say he would."

And it is true that the work of rebuilding has moved slowly. An impoverished government, a halt in the reparations due from the other side of the Rhine, a shortage of labor, a population engrossed in the fields, the apparent

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need of concentrating first on the restoration of factories and fields, a maze of red tape, the paralysis of old laws, war-weariness, selfishness (in France and elsewhere), all these factors have helped to keep these villages — these wounded Homes—in ruins, not greatly improved since sound of the last shot died down on the Western front. The wonder is not that this is so, but that, despite the fact, life does go on in them, goes on stoically, spunkily, cheerily. It is so in all of them. There is not a community in all that strip of the world which does not recall some ant-hill on which a passer-by has trod and in which the dwellers and the toilers are busy making the best of it.

Consider Juvigny. This is the little hillside town north of the Aisne not far from the Chemin-des-Dames. It was wrested fiercely from the Germans by the troops of the Thirty-second Division, who were borrowed by General Mangin for the purpose at a critical moment in the late Summer of 1918. They did their bloody, inch-by-inch task so well that the French authorities never recovered from their special enthusiasm for this Middle-Western division. On the outskirts of Juvigny, beside the narrow railway which once upon a time was No Man's Land, is one of those austere little American cemeteries, one of those lonesome American colonies which dot the map of France. Thither, on last Memorial Day, went General Mangin himself, with all the flower-laden children of Juvigny paddling after, to do the white crosses honor, crosses marked with the names of many a family from the Great Lakes down to the Tennessee Mountains.

In Juvigny itself, not much is standing. Of what was there before, only the *calvaire* is erect and intact, that singularly beautiful reproduction of the crucifixion, which, to the wonderment of the troops, stood in startling silhouette against the sky throughout the battle. The rest of Juvigny is flattened out, acre upon acre, of smashed-up houses. "You will find my house down a little way," says Madame Quelquechose, "just across the street from the church." But her house is only a shack and the church is visible to no eyes but hers. Probably she thinks of the old spire as still reaching toward the clouds, but the stranger has to be told that that heap of grass-grown stones and that corner of an ancient altar was once Juvigny's church.

Here and there are the wooden barracks installed by the

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government to house the old people returning to the wilderness and here and there a stone house has risen from the rubble like a phenix from its ashes. No American agency, no welfare worker, no repentant enemy, no paternal government has done this rebuilding. When you find a French peasant in that part of the world with four stone walls and a ceiling, you may know he has found time and strength and material to do the work himself. Plain little houses they are, of course, but in some cases, where the homesteader had been a bit of a mason, the work has been neatly, even handsomely done.

Such a house is most a matter of pride when it is the work of a whole family, with every one from Grand'mère to the littlest boy enlisted in the sawing, lifting and toting that a house means, for all the world like General Mangin writing his memoirs, with his whole family of nine mobilized for the carrying of paper, sharpening of pencils, deploying of dictionaries, unfurling of maps and typing of notes.

More often a house, particularly a farmhouse, is found partially rebuilt. This is the middle stage of reconstruction. The first you might have seen any time in the Spring of 1919, when, in some Montfauçon cellar, say, you would come upon two brothers camping out to be near their newly relinquished fields to which they had just led back a horse and plow. The second stage comes in the breathing space after the first harvest, when, as often in Juvigny, you find they have rebuilt one room of the old home, roofed it over temporarily, and moved in, with the skeletonized débris of the home as it used to be still sprawling around about them. Perhaps, after another harvest or so, the whole house will come to life again.

Visitors to the American graves near Juvigny in the Spring of 1919 marvelled to find that the old quarries along the ravine on the side of the town, which had once served as divisional headquarters, message centres and dugouts in time of battle, were then serving as homes for the first six of the returning families, so that children were playing with the useless gas-masks out front while spartan *perce-neiges* bloomed at cave-entrances and the week's wash flapped in the wind.

Now another Winter and another Summer has gone by. The fields near by have been largely cleared of their wire and shells and have yielded some food and a little income to

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Juvigny. Perhaps two hundred people are back in the town. But most of the houses still lie in crumbled decay and folks still make what homes they can in the dugouts along the ravine.

It is because of this scantiness of reconstruction as far as home-building goes that, as you walk along a ruined street, Juvigny seems a deserted city. But it is hardly that and you realize as much with something of a thrill when, in a clearing amid the rubble, you come upon a barrack and catch through the windows the unmistakable drone of childish voices. It is a school and a glance through the window shows row on row of pig-tailed girls and black-smocked boys declaiming the fact that the Amazon is a river in *l'Amerique du Sud* or that Ceylon is an island where the tea comes from.

Laboring with them patiently, his brow furrowed by his sense of the time that has been lost, you see a fatherly young Frenchman. Perhaps he was a corporal at Verdun when the armistice was signed. Outside, on the bulletin board — for the schoolhouse doubles as the office of the mayor — proclamations in the neat script of the schoolmaster himself announce such-and-such an impending marriage in the village, with doubtless a reception to follow at the shack of the bride's mother. A passing matron peers at the notices, beams on these evidences of further recovery, and tells you proudly that there have been more births in Juvigny than in any other village of the Aisne Valley.

Then, as you take another turn amid the rubble, you come upon another barrack and find within such hospitable tables and shelves of wine as glorify any buvette in France. A whopping big phonograph hums with some melody of Irving Berlin's and the *patron* shows you where, once a week, the tables can be cleared away for a dance or a picture show.

There is the whole story of Juvigny. It looks disconsolately and discouragingly as it did when the Americans left. But children plug away at the tattered school-books, babies are born, marriages are solemnized by the octogenarian curé, crops come in from the once bleak fields and they dance in Juvigny of a Saturday night. That is after all the real message to the men who sweated in the town when it shrieked and shook with the smash of shells. They are dancing now in Juvigny of a Saturday night.

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The rough scheme, then, has been to get the farms and factories and schools re-started and to let the houses follow as a consequence — a scheme that works out the more slowly, of course, because so much of the husky youth that belonged to this wilderness was wiped out in four years of fighting. So many of those who have come back are old folk, unable to do much more than putter about, anxious only to spend their last days in their own *pays*. This inclination of the very old to forsake the greater physical comfort of their refuges in Southern France for the greater satisfaction of being home would be natural enough anywhere in the world. It is inevitable in France. Sometimes the younger generation tries sternly to forbid such return until the wilderness should be more livable and the homes more fit. But the old folks feel the sands running out and they come back somehow.

Once such a grandfather was trudging along the road north of Soissons when a camionette girl at the wheel gave him a lift. He was all jubilance at the thought that he would soon be back in the village where he was born. His son had written him not to come, but *mon dieu!* When she pulled up for him on the edge of the village, he did not recognize it in its demolition, and, in his bewilderment, would not get out. Just then, out of a crazy lean-to, a man came forward. It was the son, in whose sheltering arms, as the truck passed on, the driver left a collapsed and tearful old man.

Next day, the same driver on an errand in that part of the valley, passed the lean-to. On a soap-box out in front, sat the old man, drinking Pinard. He lifted his glass to her in jovial salutation.

"Does all go well, *grandpère?*" she sang out to him.

"I am home," he replied, and beamed upon her.

Now this first rush of the homesick wanderers is over and the first relief work, the thrilling emergency work of being ready with hot coffee and mattresses and blankets, is giving way to the harder, duller, more thankless, less picturesque tasks of building up and replacing some of the community functions which had been lost or destroyed during the hejira.

It is one thing to come back and camp out under any sort of roof to be near the fields you hope to till once more. It is quite another to have to wonder if a traveling huckster

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will ever pass by, if there will be schools for the children, and somewhere for the young people to go of an evening, if there will be community comforts like dentists and surgeons within reach or transportation to some hospital in case any one should be hurt. It is these latter worries which the relief workers are trying to lift from the minds of the overburdened natives.

For the C. A. R. D. workers in the Aisne valley, the blanket-and-hot-coffee era is past and they are busy with everything from school-books to tractors. They have brought up great lumbering tractors for the use of the farmers around Blérincourt, have followed these with gas stations to keep the tractors going, and these in turn with warehouses to shelter for a better transportation period the excess crops which such stimulated agriculture means.

They have established clinics and the little ambulances scoot over the country, bringing in the babies for the appointed days and hours when the doctor and nurse will be at each dispensary. They have set up country stores where useful things like lamps and knitting wool and blankets and pottery are sold at cost, while the old wives of the villages haggle delightedly over every purchase and cluck with one another over the cost of living. They have established work-rooms where girls can learn to sew—shops of which the coarser products are sold there in the neighborhood and the finer ones borne off to Paris to catch the eye of some acquisitive, money-spending matron from Chicago or Buenos Aires.

They have started libraries in circulation and financed and transported circuit-riders to keep going a score of classes in domestic science, for, to the grief of the mothers in these regions, the young girls during the years of flight or captivity, have come close to the marriage age without having learned any of the household arts that any girl knew in the humblest French home before the war.

These C. A. R. D. women, who work from their four headquarters in the Aisne area, turn their hands to any one of a hundred schemes for settling and sweetening the life there. I can think of none more arduous than running the movie shows one night a week in each of the villages—nights when the school-house is packed to suffocation (being French) and the stalest of films is greeted with explosions of delight. Until you have mended a tire on a muddy road

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at dusk and turned a crank for five reels of the most deadly movies, you have an entirely misleading notion as to the softships of relief work.

I can think of no work of theirs more satisfying to the worker herself than the meeting of such an emergency as befell Crouy this year when a whole new generation was approaching confirmation without any of the festive confirmation regalia with which the streets of Paris are so gay in the Spring. There was none to be had within a hundred miles. Such a scramble there was to get to Paris in time, buy up stocks of white gowns and veils for the girls and beribboned arm-bands for the boys, such rejoicing as there was in Crouy when these arrived and the confirmation could proceed according to ancient tradition.

This American work in the Soissons region is a source of satisfaction to those who perform it, those who finance it and those who witness it, for reasons other than the mere immediate assistance given. There is the idea that at least one more part of France is being permanently re-enforced as a place of friendship for America. Whatever of bitterness and disappointment there may be traced in the attitude toward this country among certain French people—and that bitterness is grotesquely exaggerated by some of the uncomprehending tourists—you find none of it in the Aisne.

After all, any man's notion on large questions is narrowed and colored and deflected by his own personal experience. I suppose many a Yank who lost his arm in France and was later fleeced by some French shrew now cares precious little what becomes of the "frogs" the next time Germany splits her seams. Then I know one Brittany mother whose bouncing three-year-old boy is a daily reminder of a passing surgeon in olive drab who saved the eyes a stupid midwife had blinded. I doubt if the most caustic of Paris newspapers could dissuade her from her hearty enthusiasm for "*les Americains.*"

Or consider the woman who beams over the rich old farm on the outskirts of Bézu-le-Guéry near Belleau Wood. To her the war was a distant rumbling, a far away disaster, till one day all her neighbors from the north seemed in flight past her door and every one told her she too must fly. Then in came certain fresh young Americans who climbed into her *gréniers,* strung wires from her tool-house, displaced her cows with map tables and slept all over her

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house. She heard the enemy come booming to the very edge of the landscape visible from her upper windows, saw these newcomers hurry up to get between her and that enemy (very obliging of them) knew of the tussle that followed and then, in time, heard that the Germans were in inglorious retreat to the other end of the world. All this she saw with her own eyes, heard with her own ears. So, when some tired poilu says to her scornfully: "And did you know that those *effroyable* Americans are claiming they won the war?" she probably makes answer: "*Mon dieu,* and didn't they?"

So, if it be a good thing to hope that France and America will remain in sympathy with each other—not that their chancelleries should always be in cohoots but that their peoples should be fraternal and mutually respectful—we may all be glad that the hard-pressed folk of the Aisne at least do not think of the Americans as comrades-in-arms who, when the fighting was over, packed gaily off and left them neck-deep in want and trouble.

Something of all this must be in the mind of every American who starts back from Soissons to Paris and sees the desolate villages give way gradually to tidy clusters of red-roofed houses and garden land that never felt the scorch of war. Perhaps his thoughts run in this fashion:

"Whatever the inextricable tangle of responsibility for the war, there were no people in all the world less guilty than these simple, hardworking country-folk of northeastern France. Yet theirs was by far the greatest share of the suffering and woe. Wherever we may eventually decide—if at all—to strike at the root of the ugly business, it would be monstrous for us to let their struggle go on unaided while we talk and talk. Or while we forget.

"What a pity that the forces of good-will and co-operation could not have remained mobilized just long enough after the signing of the armistice for the rebuilding of these battlefields. Just as we made shells and built ships and killed Germans for one another, so we might have pitched in and put a lot of health and comfort into a part of the world that needed it most. True, these American women are doing something, but after all, it is not much and then theirs is but a fragment of the wilderness. What a pity we didn't stay to finish at least this much of the job!"

Thus his thoughts run, and, as the train slides along

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through Villers-Cotteret and he sees all the preposterous havoc and blight still in force, he finds himself thinking of pleasant suburbs back in America, comfortable, well-fed America, of tidy lawns and overflowing Fords and children romping off to school, of country clubs and poker games and silk stockings and squandered wealth. And of people who say: "Oh, forget about the war." And he begins to feel a certain tingling resentment at America.

But then the train wheezes into Paris and his taxi whirls him away to boulevards all gay with bustling people and restaurants with groaning tables and such food and drink as only the old world knows. He sees luxury and ease and extravagance on every side and he sees that not all of it can be laid to strangers within the gates. He wanders on down into rich Touraine, a land flowing with milk and honey, where people, knowing only vaguely of the hardship to the north, fret and fume about their taxes and go on about their business.

And he realizes then that all the selfishness and forgetfulness in the world is not American. Whereupon, he grows depressed and gives himself over to a low opinion of the human race. But even that fairly tenable position he cannot hold for long. For he keeps remembering something. He remembers that they are dancing in Juvigny of a Saturday night.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

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PERIODICALS AND PERMANENT LITERATURE

BY HARRY T. BAKER

THAT a union of journalism with permanent literature is not always accomplished even by famous authors, is well illustrated by Dr. Johnson—who, like Coleridge, achieved more as a celebrated talker and literary dictator than as a writer. Johnson's essays in the *Rambler,* although mercifully short, are for the most part unmercifully ponderous. Not a few of them commit the unpardonable sin of all writing, dullness—unpardonable because it defeats the primary object of writing, which is to obtain readers. A dull periodical is already doomed to bankruptcy. In order to be of any wide service, knowledge must be humanized, must be so presented as to be intelligible and interesting to a moderately large number of readers. In the periodical this means the death of complacent pedantry. Dryden's lines on Shadwell may profitably be laid to heart by many an author of the present generation:

> As Hannibal did to the altars come,
> Sworn by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
> So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
> That he till death true dullness would maintain.

One of the most interesting authors in the college-professor class, Mr. Bliss Perry, remarked in an article, *A Readable Proposition,* published in the *Atlantic Monthly* while he was editing that periodical: "When a magazine fails to be readable, it is as if a man failed in honesty or a woman in goodness. Its character is gone." But, he adds, a magazine will be readable "if it continues in its own way to reflect and interpret, as all literature somehow succeeds in reflecting and interpreting, the fascination of life itself."

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To accomplish this, evidently, is not simple; else we should all be successful authors.

Perhaps the most useful test of the literary quality of any periodical—of the permanence of its contributions—is to ascertain what proportion of its contents is reprinted in book form, and how many such books are read ten or twenty years after publication. This is not a wholly fair test; for even valuable articles are seldom reprinted unless they form a series which, within the covers of a book, reveals some unity. Yet, measured by such a test, even periodicals of large circulation come out tolerably well. And for *Harper's, Scribner's,* the *Atlantic,* the *Century,* the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the *Unpartizan Review,* the *Yale Review,* and such British magazines as the *Fortnightly,* the *Nineteenth Century and After, Blackwood's,* or the *Edinburgh,* an excellent case could be made out.

As pioneers the *Tatler* and the *Spectator,* founded in 1709 and 1711 respectively, are best worth studying for genuinely literary qualities; for Addison and Steele are now acknowledged classics. A few of their breakfast-table papers may be of rather slender interest today; but a large majority still possess sparkle, are still valuable in their criticism of manners and conduct. They are a trifle provincial in their continual celebration of London society; yet London was and is in many respects a mirror of the world. "Does not a man sometimes grow tired of London?" asked Boswell. "Sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "when a man is tired of London he is tired of life!" So thought Addison and Steele; and they knew how to choose and how to treat the most representative themes in that life. Addison's military metaphors, in his essay on the proper exercise of a lady's fan,[1] are as amusing today as in the eighteenth century; and the nicety of his satire and the turn of his phrase are a rebuke to the host of merely clever and often vulgar journalists who invade so many of our newspapers and popular periodicals of the present age. His mild ridicule of Ned Softly,[2] the minor poet, is also of the same permanent value. Ned still buttonholes acquaintances of literary distinction, in New York and London clubs, in order to read his bad verses and to solicit influence for publication.

It is significant that Joseph Addison and Richard Steele

[1] *Spectator,* No. 102.
[2] *Tatler,* No. 163.

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were men of the world as well as men of letters; they did not write in a vacuum, but with a full realization of their audience. They possessed that great secret of all successful periodicals, judicious variety; and another almost equally great, urbanity in criticism. "I believe Mr. Addison could be king if he chose," said Swift good-naturedly; and the remark is a tribute to a true editorial temperament. Steele was even more genial; but his judgment was inferior and his style somewhat less polished and felicitous. Both, however, were intimately concerned in the conception and execution of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, so famous in their anticipation of those first English novels which arrived during the decade between 1740 and 1750.

Defoe, whose *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) is not strictly a novel, was much more journalistic in his *Review*. Indeed, of all his many volumes, only *Robinson Crusoe* is now read by the general public. He wrote much that was hasty and ephermeral, and if he had died at fifty—Crusoe was written at sixty—he would hardly have been a literary figure today. Neither he nor Swift rivalled Addison and Steele as a periodical essayist. And there were dozens of imitators whose very names have disappeared under the corroding touch of time. Francis Jeffrey, too, that slashing critic who edited the *Edinburgh Review,* established in the next century (1802), failed by both substance and style to save himself from oblivion. His ridiculous attacks on Wordsworth's best poetry are now completely forgotten save by the academic student; and his equally ridiculous praise of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet whom he hailed as one of the two great writers of the age, is remembered only by its power to excite derisive laughter. Gifford, the foul-mouthed calumniator of Hazlitt and Keats, is even more secure in oblivion. May the earth lie heavy upon him; for he was strangely unresponsive to what any great editor must be able to recognize—genius. The *Quarterly,* founded in 1809, still persists; but the literary reputation of its early editor does not. His magazine was a positive disservice to the development of literary criticism, whereas the *London* and the *New Monthly* did much to advance both the critical and the familiar essay.

Most of the work of Lamb and Hazlitt—and the latter is still one of the greatest of English critics—appeared within the covers of these short-lived but notable periodicals. If

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modern periodicals, or even those two of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were filled wholly with contributions of such merit, the question: Are magazines literature? would be superfluous. What reader does not still recognize, for example, both the accuracy and the eloquence of Hazlitt's enumeration of the joys of life, in that almost matchless paper, *The Feeling of Immortality in Youth?* And who does not recognize in its rhythm and cadence the born stylist?—

> To see the golden sun, the azure sky, the outstretched ocean; to walk upon the green earth, and be lord of a thousand creatures . . . to read history, and consider the revolutions of empire and the successions of generations; to hear of the glory of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, and of Susa, and to say all these were before me and are now nothing . . . to consider the mighty world of eye and ear; to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep; to journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked; to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony; to worship fame and to dream of immortality; to look upon the Vatican, and to read Shakespeare . . . to overlook the world as if time and nature poured their treasures at our feet—to be and to do all this and then in a moment to be nothing—to have it all snatched from us as by a juggler's trick, or a phantasmagoria!

Leigh Hunt, a pleasant, chatty little man contemporary with Lamb and Hazlitt, has not attained anything like a similar fame because he lacked vigorous and compelling personality. The writer of the familiar essay, which is nothing more than an intimate unveiling of a personal portrait or an easy, informal and friendly talk with the reader—never a lofty lecture or a homily—must be a peculiarly attractive man as well as a literary artist; he must be instantly recognized by his reader as good company. He is not taken for better, for worse, but will be quickly divorced if he proves a bore or a preacher. Stevenson can come nearest to homilizing without offence; for he had a gay Cavalier temperament overlying his Presbyterian upbringing. Furthermore, he had a fastidious care for style and a horror of the outworn word. His frequent contributions to British periodicals, and later to *Scribner's,* were among the distinct literary events of periodical publication in the second half of the nineteenth century. His robust and inspiring optimism, too, has been of great aid to the widening of his fame; he presents a striking contrast here to Poe, whose

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imagination was often as morbid as it was powerful. Optimism alone, however, or accompanied by less desirable characteristics, is not "magazinable"; for Browning was not *persona grata* in the periodical world—although one of his best and most optimistic poems, *Prospice,* was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly.* And he was actually offered the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine,* an honor which he wisely declined. Browning, though a great literary figure, demands too much intellect to attract a large periodical public. His obscurity has been ludicrously overestimated by critics who ought to know better; and he has been valiantly defended on this score in Mr. Chesterton's biography; but he was undeniably difficult to commonplace minds—which are always largely in the majority. Stevenson and Hazlitt were always limpid; and Lamb, though allusive and inordinately fond of mixing his centuries when choosing word and phrase—he was much more familiar with Sir Thomas Browne than were most of his readers—was not overloaded with philosophy or with any mere lumber of learning. He would find a welcome from some of the best periodicals, both American and British, today.

There is other good literature besides Browning's which is not adapted to periodical publication—as *Fraser's* discovered when it attempted, in the early 'thirties, to cram Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* down the throats of its readers. The oddity and obscurity of this work quickly provoked indignant protests from subscribers; and college students today find it decidedly difficult. Yet it is reckoned one of the half dozen great prose works of the nineteenth century, and in its discussion of the hero's religious experiences it goes to the very bases of life. Evidently not all good literature, therefore, is welcomed by magazine readers. This notable experiment marks a memorable limit for periodicals; and in this case the periodical was not one of large circulation. On the contrary, it was intended for a comparatively small group of thinking people. Indeed, Moncure D. Conway once declared—humorously, one suspects—that "an English magazine is a circular letter addressed by a scholarly man to a few hundred friends."

Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy,* when published in the *Cornhill* in 1867, excited no such prejudice; but Arnold, though a penetrating and quietly sarcastic social critic, was

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much more urbane and cautious in manner. He had, too, an unusual gift of humor. Yet his *Literature and Dogma,* in the field of religion, made him many enemies among the orthodox, both through its serialization in the *Cornhill* and its publication in book form. Since Arnold is by almost universal consent the greatest of English literary critics, it is important to note that most of his best essays were first published in periodicals: *Heinrich Heine* in the *Cornhill Magazine,* August, 1863, reprinted in *Essays in Criticism, First Series; Marcus Aurelius* in *The Victoria Magazine,* November, 1863, reprinted in the same volume; *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* in *The National Review,* also reprinted in this volume; *On the Study of Celtic Literature* in the *Cornhill,* March-July, 1866; *George Sand* in *The Fortnightly Review,* June, 1877, reprinted in *Mixed Essays; Equality* in the *Fortnightly,* March, 1878, reprinted in the same volume; *Wordsworth* in *Macmillan's Magazine,* July, 1879, reprinted as a preface to selected *Poems of Wordsworth* and in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Literature and Science* in *The Nineteenth Century,* August, 1882, reprinted in *Discourses in America.* The last named was the most popular of his lectures delivered in this country.

A good many of Thackeray's familiar essays were printed in the *Cornhill,* and he edited the magazine for a short time, toward the end of his life; but both he and Lowell—the latter on the *Atlantic*—found editorial labors uncongenial. Sir Leslie Stephen was one of the greatest editors of the *Cornhill;* and his eminence as a literary critic gave it an enviable reputation. More than one of Thackeray's novels was serialized in English magazines, and in *Harper's Magazine* on this side of the water; for *Harper's* had been established in 1850. Dickens also attracted American magazine readers; and even George Eliot's historical novel, *Romola,* was printed in *Harper's.*

Thackeray would be regarded today, I fear, as poor material for serial publication; for readers, even of *Harper's, Scribner's* and the *Century,* demand rather more action, and certainly greater condensation; or, to state the same thing more accurately, a smaller canvas. Thackeray used two or three times as many characters in a novel as modern writers do; his studies of life were more complex, and for this reason, among many others, more valuable. He did not be-

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lieve in too much artificial simplification of life. Dickens, George Eliot and Scott also loved the ample canvas.

Concerning the services of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to literature, Mr. Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's* from 1869 till his death, says, in his volume, *Magazine Writing and the New Literature:* "It marks the beginning of American literature and has the unique distinction of numbering among its contributors nearly every great American writer. . . . The first great imaginative poem written by an American, Bryant's *Thanatopsis,* first appeared in the REVIEW in 1817 [the REVIEW had been established in 1815], followed a year later by the same writer's characteristic lyric, *To a Water-Fowl.*" The distinction, however, was not, after 1857, unique; for in that year the *Atlantic Monthly* was established. A glance at *The Atlantic* Index, a volume covering the years 1857-1888, reveals the following number of contributions from distinguished names: Bryant, 12; Hawthorne, 16; Holmes, about 100; Whittier, the same; Aldrich, 75; Emerson, 30; John Fiske, 35; Bret Harte, 13; Howells, 40; Henry James, 40; Sarah Orne Jewett, 30; Longfellow, 65; Lowell, 75; Thoreau, 12; Whitman, 2. The last-named was evidently not sufficiently refined for prim New England readers. The list, however, is a convincing indication that some periodicals have fostered great literature. *Scribner's* was not founded until 1870. It was sold in 1881 and renamed *The Century;* but a new *Scribner's* was started in 1887. In an article in the *Century,* November, 1895, *The Century's Quarter of a Century,* occurs this modest statement, which during the last few years has somehow come to have a rather familiar ring among statements by editors and publishers: "The literary history of America during the past twenty-five years involves to a very large extent the history of *The Century Magazine.*"

A single illustration will make tolerably clear, I hope, the fact that there is no ground for pronounced pessimism today in discussing the relation of even the average periodical to literature. The living writer commonly recognized as preëminent is Rudyard Kipling. Well, the stories and articles of Kipling have appeared, from 1895 to 1918, in the following American periodicals (I give only

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one title in each case): *McClure's, Kim; Century, The Brushwood Boy; Harper's, The House Surgeon; Scribner's, They; Collier's,* some Canadian travel sketches; *Metropolitan, Friendly Brook; Saturday Evening Post, The Eyes of Asia* (a series of four stories); *Cosmopolitan, Egypt of the Magicians.* Here is almost every type of magazine, from the most fastidious to the most popular, from a circulation of one hundred thousand to one of two million. The *Saturday Evening Post,* moreover, placed the first of its series on its front page; and *Scribner's* did the same for that obscure but remarkable tale, *They.* The *Century* showed lack of editorial acumen by burying *The Brushwood Boy* on page 102; but this story was at first, and perhaps still remains, caviare to the general. The same is true of *They.* Doubtless the editors of *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* would hardly have dared to try either on their readers. But the fact that the latter periodical should print anything of Kipling's must discourage the professional pessimist who goes about bewailing the parlous state of American literature, and especially of American magazines. The ability of some academic critics to ignore good literature immediately under their eyes is amazing.

Kipling is as good a single example as could be chosen, because he represents the spirit of the age. He breaks sharply with Victorian tradition and creates, as a writer of a new age should, a new literature. Other distinguished writers who have gladly been received by contemporary magazines both in England and America are H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Maurice Hewlett, W. W. Jacobs, Alfred Noyes, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Gertrude Atherton, Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Edith Wharton and O. Henry. Not all of these are on the highest level of literary craftsmanship; but all are above mediocrity.

The purpose and accomplishment of a good periodical in stimulating the production of real literature has been well stated in an article, *The History of the Century Magazine,* published in the *Century* for November, 1881:

> The monthly magazine is the great modern intellectual amphitheater, and the publicity it is able to give to works of excellence of widely differing kinds is a perpetual stimulus to the intellectual activity of a nation . . . The literary and artistic judgment of the editor . . . must directly and strongly affect the taste and culture of the people. . . . The public, in turn, imposes its authority.

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Mr. Alden is much more explicit and bold in the introduction to his volume, *Magazine Writing* (Page vi.):

> Since 1860, no distinction, as to quality or as to any substantial values, can be made between the best books and the best periodicals.

This is somewhat too optimistic; yet it challenges attention and can only in part be discredited. Mr. Alden, Mr. Gilder and various other editors of the best class have done much to foster the growth of good American literature. Authors have been indebted to them for many timely suggestions and have received few or no undesirable ones. Richard Watson Gilder acted on the principle, says Professor Brander Matthews, "that what was truly good was certain to be popular." Catering to a subscription list of about a hundred thousand, Mr. Gilder could afford to believe and practice this; but it would obviously be a dangerous assumption for an editor who must think of the limitations and prejudices of two million subscribers. If such a principle were universally applicable to modern periodicals, the millennium would be here.

It is significant, however, profoundly significant, that as Mr. Alden has pointed out, most of the best novels of the past fifty years have first had serial publication. This is a tribute at once to editors and to magazine readers. In the field of the short story the service of the periodical is even more important; for collections of short stories within the covers of a book are not encouraged by publishers, and a good many short-story writers of unquestionable genius would have been snuffed out at the beginning of their careers except for the possibility of magazine publication. Apparently readers like their short fiction in small doses and feel cheated when offered a volume of brief tales as a substitute for a novel. Most of Poe's masterpieces were first published in magazines, including *Graham's*, the *Broadway Journal*, *Godey's Lady's Book* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Like Lowell, Poe also had editorial experience, on *Graham's*, the *Broadway*, and the *Evening Mirror*. Hawthorne wrote for *Graham's*, and later for the *Atlantic* and *Putnam's*. Among other notable contributors to *Putnam's* were Lowell, Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow. After 1860, nearly every American author of any note had an opportunity—which most of them embraced—to write for some periodical. Toward the close of the century,

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Harper's had such names as Mark Twain, Henry Jam Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Margaret Deland, William De Howells, Walt Whitman, Mary E. Wilkins, Thom Hardy, Conan Doyle, Richard Harding Davis and Thom Nelson Page. Clearly, then, some American magazi have had a vital connection with genuine literature.

The original *Scribner's,* established in 1870, was edit for ten years by a man more gifted as editor than as writ Josiah Gilbert Holland. Though extraordinarily popul during his lifetime both as author and lecturer, his wo do not seem to have survived the "severe tomorrow" o critical verdict. Doubtless this is due chiefly to his lack any high literary talent; but there may be something signi cant also in his eagerness to please the widest possible au ience and his willingness to sacrifice something in order accomplish this. He was known as "The Great Apos to the Multitude of Intelligent Americans Who Ha Missed a College Education." And at his death in 18 the New York *Evening Post* said that no literary man America was so accurately fitted for the precise work developing a great popular magazine. The *Century* adde "He was in all respects in the closest sympathy with t people, and his literary success never drew him away fr them." These tributes mark at once his merits and his d fects. Within less than forty years his literary works ha been virtually forgotten.

Today nearly all American magazines have becor journalized, in the sense of treating topics of immediate i terest, whether economic, social, political, commercial, literary. As early as 1881, the *Century,* in one of its co fidential editorial talks, was saying: "Journalistic ale ness, an entire modernness, and wide-awakeness in subje and manner, are the indispensable conditions of life a prosperity in the struggle for existence in which periodic publications are ever involved." Yet this does not imp the absence of literary motives and literary qualities. T "entire modernness" of Kipling is indisputable; and he t has felt to some extent the journalistic influence; but he none the less an artist. Some magazine writing doubtle has to be prepared in haste. This was true of articl made necessary by the entry of America into the Eur pean War, in April, 1917; but haste is not regarde as a virtue and, except in magazines of a decidedly lo

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order, is not encouraged. Moreover, those writers of unquestioned standing who are given the cold shoulder by editors are lacking in lightness of touch and generally in humor. There are few barriers for authors who possess these two qualities in addition to genuine literary merit. Nor does the average periodical aim at mere entertainment. It must interest the reader, but it may also benefit him. It may even, to some extent, improve his taste. And there are gradations of taste by which the callow reader may ascend from one periodical to another. Some editors are men of unquestioned culture; and they are willing to experiment somewhat with specimens of what promises to be a new order of literature.

More than half of our successful American editors have been innocent of a college degree; but this can hardly be said to be in every case a misfortune, since it would be difficult to show that a college education is indispensable to either authorship or editorship. One of the most intellectual of English poets, Browning, obtained his culture chiefly outside a university; and, among our Americans, Whittier, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Whitman and O. Henry owe something of their sturdy individuality to an escape from the conventionalizing influence of the college. They were not men cut out on a pattern; and in literature this is of the highest importance. Magazines generally encourage individuality—even though they frown upon too much boldness. Within reasonable limits, therefore, periodicals may be said to have fostered the growth of permanent literature.

HARRY T. BAKER.

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TWO PILLARS OF THE BRITISH MERCHANT MARINE

I

LLOYD'S REGISTER

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMONG the objects aimed at by the Jones Act for the re creation of the American mercantile marine are the classi fication of ships and their insurance through purely Ameri can agencies. To an Englishman, like myself, these objec appear not merely legitimate, but laudable. If, as seem clear, the national mind of America is firmly set on revivin the days when the Stars and Stripes were to be see on every ocean, when the Yankee clippers were famou throughout the world, and when America launched twic as many tons as Great Britain, then it is only natural tha this ambition should include a control of the classificatio and insurance machinery. It is a sound judgment whic has led Senator Jones to see in Lloyd's and Lloyd's Regis ter two indispensable fillers of British sea-power and o Great Britain's world-wide trade. Very properly he wishe the American merchant navy to rest on its own, and not o alien foundations. He hopes for an American Lloyd's an an American Lloyd's Register. He looks forward to, an is working for, a time when cognate institutions in Wash ington or New York will challenge, and so far as America shipping is concerned, will oust the influence and authorit of the great British organizations. As I have said, the goa he has set himself seems an eminently right and rational on to strive for. Whether he will ever reach it, or come any where near reaching it, is another matter. On this point perhaps, it may help toward a sound judgment—his coun trymen and the world at large may get a better idea of Sen ator Jones' chances of success—if an effort is made t describe Lloyd's and Lloyd's Register as they are and t

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show what part they have played, and are still playing, in building up Great Britain's merchant marine. In this article I propose to deal particularly with Lloyd's Register.

These two famous corporations both derive from a coffee house managed in London by a Welshman named Edward Lloyd, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the favorite meeting-place of shipping underwriters and shipowners. But each works independently, though in the closest coöperation, in different spheres of that vast aggregation of British shipping interests which both have been pre-eminently instrumental in constructing and expanding. Lloyd's Register is a society of merchants, shipowners, shipbuilders, underwriters and marine engineers whose function it is to classify ships. Lloyd's is an association of underwriters at the Royal Exchange who insure the ships so classified and conduct, in addition, a general insurance business on an immense scale. Their work is thus separate, but supplementary; and in some form or other it must always have been carried on since the earliest days of commerce by sea. From the time, or very shortly after, men first ventured themselves and their goods at sea, there must have been some form of marine insurance. Without it foreign commerce could hardly have been born and could certainly not have survived. But if there was insurance there must also have been the knowledge on which alone insurance could be based. It is not possible to imagine such acute traders as the Phoenicians or the Rhodians or the Venetians insuring a vessel and its cargo when they knew nothing of the condition, age and equipment of the ship. Somebody undoubtedly must have made it his business to collect information on such points, to keep a record of the vessels in which he was interested, and to grade them according to his estimate of their efficiency. That "somebody" nowadays, not only for British ships, but for a great proportion of the world's tonnage, is Lloyd's Register. It does on a national and an international scale what was formerly the work of isolated individuals or of small groups.

Fundamentally, Lloyd's Register is a society for the classification of ships. Its central function has been from the beginning and is now that of grading vessels in various categories of merit, so that shipowners, merchants and underwriters may know everything it is essential for them to know concerning the ships in which they are interested.

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But a society—I wonder if Senator Jones quite realizes thi —which exists to classify ships insensibly finds itself drive to undertake innumerable other and equally vital responsi bilities. To begin with, it must have expert surveyors withi easy reach of the principal ports to examine and repor upon the vessels to which classes are to be assigned. The it cannot differentiate between ships, or put this one in higher grade than that one, without having formulated i its mind some fairly definite standard of strength, durabil ity, workmanship, and so on. It follows from this that it i to everybody's interest if the standard by which the vessel are to be classified is known beforehand. A shipowner doe not wish to order a ship if on completion it is placed by th classifying society in a low category. In that case he ha to pay more for insuring it, and the merchants on the con veyance of whose goods he depends for his profits will figh shy of it. For when you have a society whose judgment o ships is followed by underwriters and merchants, and whe the class to which a vessel is assigned fixes her standing i the eyes of the shipping world, and governs all the com mercial transactions in which she plays a part, a power i created which, so long as it retains its vitality, must gradu ally spread to every corner of the industry. It simplifie everything, for instance, if the society roughly specifies i advance the requirements that will have to be met, if ves sels are to be placed in the highest class. Owners and build ers have then a model to work to, an outline of regulation to which it is to their interests to conform, if they desire th highest classification for their vessels.

A society so situated is inevitably led on to inspect th ships that are candidates for classification not only when they are finished, but during process of construction. It has to satisfy itself that its rules are being complied with and that no material or fastenings of which it does not approve is being used in building the vessel. In the old days of wooden vessels an effective examination could be made after the ship was completed. But in the infinitely more complex era of construction which scientific progress has induced, this system is no longer practicable. It becomes very much to the advantage and convenience of all con cerned if the society which is to classify the vessel has not only passed on and approved the plans for her construction, but inspects, tests and stamps the material to be employed,

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and supervises every stage of her growth while she is still on the stocks. And to-day, of course, when one speaks of a ship one does not merely mean her hull and scantlings, but her boilers and machinery and a variegated technical equipment. All these are factors in determining her character and seaworthiness. All these accordingly have to be taken into account, inspected, and approved, by the society, whose duty it will be to assign to the completed vessel her class. Then, again, ships and a ship's engines wear out. Unless she is periodically inspected a vessel may so have deteriorated as to have forfeited her class without the underwriters or the merchants or the owners being aware of it. The society, therefore, has to make provision for a regular overhauling of each ship on its register, must designate the renewals and repairs that it considers necessary, and must superintend them while they are being carried out. Only so can its classification continue to be up-to-date and to command respect.

It will be seen, therefore, that a classifying society by the very law of its being finds itself committed to a host of highly technical and momentous duties embracing all the multitudinous aspects of an industry which can never know anything like finality and which has been revolutionized three or four times over within the past eighty years. But I have very far from exhausted the range of the activities that are compulsorily thrust upon it. A new method of ship-construction or of ship-propulsion is devised, a new material is discovered, innumerable mechanical inventions are developed. Who is to sit in judgment upon them? Who is to insure that they mark a real and not merely an apparent advance and that they may be adopted with safety to the public and benefit to the industry? Obviously the classification society is the only body competent to pass a verdict that is at once authoritative and independent. To gain acceptance among shipbuilders, shipowners, merchants and underwriters they must first be assured that the new device can be used without disqualifying the vessel in which it is employed for ranking in the highest class. The society necessarily has its surveyors and officials at the chief shipbuilding centres, and their reports constitute a body of information and experience much beyond that which any single firm, or any institution that does not cover the whole country, can have at its disposal. Moreover, being a volun-

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tary organization, not working for a profit, and intent merely on holding the scales evenly between the various shipping interests and on advancing the welfare of the industry as a whole, it is in a position to bring to bear on the problems submitted to it not only an exceptionally wide and well-informed but an exceptionally impartial judgment. It knows the danger of not keeping abreast of the times and of laying down regulations that will have the effect of cramping progress. It knows also the risk, the even greater risk, of lending its authority to the employment of methods or material that have yet to be proved to be of enduring value. It is, therefore, admirably qualified to form an expert and detached opinion on whatever new invention or idea is brought before it, and to discharge this duty efficiently it must be able to command the best technical advice and all the necessary facilities for testing and experimenting with the theories and appliances and discoveries it is asked to stamp with its approval.

A corollary to this function is that the society develops into a sort of clearing-house of ideas on all matters that appertain to the building of ships. Its centralized position and the unique stream of information that flows through it, and the intimate, yet independent, relations it maintains with all the yards in the country, make it a storehouse of knowledge on current shipbuilding practices. It is thus enabled to guide the development of the industry along sound and progressive lines. It collects facts, observes results, interprets their teachings, criticizes and compares. While it is not its province to originate it can, as a matter of fact, frequently exercise the prerogative of leadership by virtue of the authority attaching to its decisions. Thus, if after exhaustively testing a new material or design or method, it pronounces it to be satisfactory, the adoption of the novelty is at once enormously stimulated. In the same way, if it recommends that a steel section of a certain size and breadth and thickness should be regarded as a standardized pattern with a view to economizing the costs of production, its pronouncement is pretty sure to take speedy and universal effect. In both these cases the shipping world knows that the society's decisions have been reached only after a thorough weighing of all the available evidence by the most competent experts in the land, and that

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no other motive has inspired them except a desire for the common good.

Then, again, commerce is international, and a classification society, which rises to a position of authority in a country in whose economy shipping plays a leading part, necessarily finds that its endorsement is sought after by the shipowners and shipbuilders and underwriters of other countries; while its own members, having world-wide commercial and insurance interests, are naturally as anxious to possess the fullest information about the ships built abroad as about the vessels built in their own country. Hence the society is forced to extend its operations to foreign lands and to see to it that foreign ships which aspire to inclusion in its classified register are constructed in accordance with the same regulations and under the same meticulous supervision as ships at home. The standards thus set by the society become the determining and universal standards, and its hall-mark is accepted everywhere as the verdict of the ultimate court of appeal.

It will be seen, therefore, that a classification society which really knows its business must gradually build up for itself, through a series of consequences whose progression almost resembles a law of nature, a position of transcendent power and influence. There are many classification societies in the world, but only one of them—Lloyd's Register—has risen to the full height of its opportunities. Not only is it the oldest of them all, but it is by far the largest, the widest in scope, the most authoritative, and the most competent. For over eighty-five years, if we reckon the Register in its modern form as dating from 1834, it has exercised all the functions I have described with a zeal and a soundness of judgment that make it perhaps the most remarkable institution which has yet been created by the British genius for coöperative organization. It was supreme when our British mercantile marine totalled less than 20,000 tons, when a vessel of over 500 tons was exceptional, and when vessels of under 100 tons constituted far more than half of the nation's shipping. It is equally supreme to-day when over 9,500 vessels, registering more than 25,000,000 tons gross, hold classes assigned to them by the committee of the society. Through all the changes from wood to iron, from iron to steel, from sail to steam, and from coal to oil, it has held its own as an incorruptible expert and disinterested

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tribunal with no other end to serve but that of the well-being of the British and every other mercantile marine; and the confidence that is everywhere felt in its integrity and its efficiency is shown by the fact that considerably over half the tonnage classed in its books is foreign and not British tonnage.

Let us then clearly understand what is meant when a modern ship is classed at Lloyd's Register. It means that the man for whom the ship is being built has handed over to the society the responsibility of seeing that he gets the vessel he has ordered. It means that the plans have been submitted to the committee of management in advance and approved by them. It means that from start to finish the ship has been put together under the inspection of the society's surveyors; that no steel or forgings or castings has been used which has not been tested and stamped by its experts during process of manufacture; that all the machinery and boilers have been inspected while they were being made; that the ship complies in all respects with the standard prescribed by the society's regulations, and that while she remains on the Register she will be subject to exhaustive and periodical surveys. The owner, the merchant, the passenger, and the underwriter have thus the guarantee of an intensely practical and wholly impartial tribunal that the vessel in which they are concerned has been well and truly built. I cannot imagine that the time will ever come when the need of such a guarantee is not felt or when the whole science of shipbuilding would not suffer if a society such as Lloyd's Register ceased to exist. Its services in presiding over and guiding British shipping through all the changes of the last three generations form an unparalleled record of prudential progressiveness.

I get a strong impression that the society was never more alert, or better organized and equipped for its work, or coöperating more helpfully with all that is soundest and most enterprising in British shipping, than at this moment; while its esprit de corps and the devotion and unswerving uprightness of all who are connected with it remain as they always have been—unsurpassable. Its committee of management, equally representative of the merchants, shipowners and underwriters of London and the principal British ports, and reinforced by a strong infusion of technical experts, contains not a single name that is not recognized as

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a guarantee of authority and distinction in this or that branch of the shipping industry. The more one studies the society's history—the wise caution with which for nearly twenty years after it had admitted the first iron-built vessel to the Register it refrained from laying down rules which might have proved too rigid for the construction of iron ships, and the energetic propulsion it imparted to the use of steel in shipbuilding—the more confident is one's assurance that in the still greater revolution which oil and the internal combustion engine seem destined to work in the world's shipping, and in helping to regain for the British mercantile marine the supremacy that has been temporarily wrested from it by the war, the society will prove an indispensable counsellor, guardian and ally. At once the most national and the most international of British institutions, there is no branch of shipping at home or abroad, from liners and tramps to yachts, fishing smacks, trawlers, tankers, refrigerated ships, and other vessels built for the requirements of special trades, that it has not taken under its steadying care. Its prestige never stood higher than now and its sphere of usefulness never seemed so illimitable as to-day, when all the nations that count are plunging furiously into the business of shipbuilding, and when the need for a trusted regulating authority of experience and discrimination will be peculiarly felt. Whether Senator Jones likes it or no, I imagine that the last word on the vessels of the new American merchant navy will rest not with the American Bureau of Shipping, but with Lloyd's Register, operating through a powerful American committee. The United States Government may compel its own vessels to obtain their classification at the American Bureau, but the private American shipowner, I conceive, will prefer in the future as in the past to go to Lloyd's Register.

If anyone doubts either the present vitality or the future prospects of the society, let him study its record during the war. Lloyd's Register has always been freely drawn upon by the British Government for advice and guidance on shipping questions. But it can never have rendered services of such varied value and efficiency as during the years of the struggle with the Central Empires. Between the opening and the close of hostilities it classed nearly 10,000,000 tons of new shipping. For the years ending in

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June, 1917, 1918 and 1919, no fewer than 816 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage exceeding 2,300,000, were built in America alone, under the inspection of the society's surveyors, and I have heard American shipping men acknowledge that the most practical contributions towards the national shipbuilding effort came from the officials of Lloyd's Register.

At home, the British Government called on the society and its incomparable organization and personnel to assist in arranging and speeding up the shipbuilding programme. No other body, of course, possessed anything like its store of knowledge as to the capacities of the various yards and the best ways of economizing time, labor and material in the allocation of orders. The "standard" ships were built under the inspection of the society's surveyors. So also were many auxiliary vessels ordered by the Admiralty for minesweeping, patrol work and similar duties. Indeed, practically the whole task of organizing the delivery of these vessels and arranging for the prompt and regular distribution of the material and machinery necessary for their construction was undertaken by the society. Altogether 924 vessels, of a total gross tonnage of 687,560, were built under the inspection of Lloyd's Register for the British Admiralty. A large number of auxiliaries were constructed under the same conditions for the British War Office. The tugs and barges of reinforced concrete, which plied between England and France, were likewise placed during construction under the society's surveyors, who were also charged with the inspection of the machinery and the boilers intended for the monitors. When the British Government placed large orders in America for condenser tubes, boiler tubes, steel wire, copper pipes, hydrogen cylinders, and so on, it handed over to the society the business of inspecting and testing them and expediting their shipment.

Similarly Lloyd's Register acted for the French Government in testing the 1,400,000 tons of shell steel ordered by it from British works, as well as vast quantities of steel bands, corrugated sheets, and other material. The society, again, carried out the survey of the hulls, machinery and boilers of the surrendered German steamers and of over fifty British vessels that had been interned in German ports. It held over 250 surveys of neutral ships chartered by the Allies, and over 200 of British steamers which were sent to

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the White Sea under requisition, and practically all the vessels purchased abroad by the British Government were first inspected and reported upon by the society. It lent its experts on cold storage to the Ministry of Food, and other officials and surveyors to other government departments, especially, of course, to the Ministry of Shipping. Very little, indeed, was done during the war in connection with merchant shipping in which the society did not take a leading advisory or executive part, and it rose to every demand that was made upon it with an unflurried and instantaneous efficiency worthy of its long and honorable past. Those tremendous days are over, but the annual report of the society for 1920, issued in the middle of October, shows that its activities are greater than ever. During the twelve months ending June 30, last, it classed over 4,250,000 tons of shipping (of which nearly 2,000,000 tons were American), and it has at this moment nearly 5,000,000 tons which are being built under the inspection of its surveyors with a view to classification. In the past year, moreover, it has set up one committee in France and another in Sweden; it has surveyed some 300 surrendered German ships in home waters and large numbers in other parts of the world; it has supervised the repairs and alterations on nearly 200 trawlers which the British Government is making over to ex-service fishermen; it tested nearly 9,000 anchors and over 500,000 fathoms of chain cable; it assigned freeboards to over 1,000 vessels; it tested nearly 2,000,000 tons of ship and boiler steel at home and abroad, and it took a leading part in many conferences on the technical problems of shipbuilding. The experience and the traditions of the society and its unique authority and organization seem, indeed, to place it beyond reach of any successful challenge, and one of the reasons why effective competition with the British mercantile marine is likely to be a matter of some difficulty is that no country possesses, or is in a position to evolve, an institution in any sense comparable to that of Lloyd's Register.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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SOME PARADOXES OF HISTORY

BY GEORGE BOAS

"L'humanité tend à s'adapter à ce qu'elle rêve plus encore qu'à ce qu'elle voit."—M. Boirac.

HISTORIANS have always speculated on how human institutions and ideals have come into being and towards what goal they are evolving. Even before the days of written history men developed, Heaven knows how, legends like that of the Golden Age or of the Coming of the Kingdom, which philosophers were not slow to sieze and erect into theory. To all reflective minds it has seemed necessary to gather the loose ends of human activity together and knot them into a fringe, if only to prevent time from seeming incomplete and purpose vain. We have thus such philosophies of history as those of St. Augustine or Orosius, Hegel or Marx, which undoubtedly have as much truth as the legends but regrettably less charm. They all strive to make man's reactions to the universe rational. But they all are unable to explain certain paradoxes of history which undoubtedly exist and which are most illuminating to one who enjoys human nature.

Plotinus, for instance, living in the early part of our third century, not only made it his aim in life to interpret the wisdom of his predecessors, but actually succeeded in making fairly consistent the teachings of his master, Plato. It is safe to say that what Plato assumed Plotinus assumed. Now Plato had held in accordance with Greek tradition that there had once existed a happier era—not unlike Eden before the fall—when mankind had possessed the truth. Reading into this tradition many of his own notions, he soon made it apparent that in the golden age man had a vision of the world of ideals, those perfect models after which this poor world is fashioned. At birth, he went on to say, most of this knowledge is lost, yet there lingers in

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the soul some traces of it, however faint, which education might strengthen much as heat strengthens and restores writings in invisible ink. Man's knowledge then to Plato was not a discovery but a recovery; education could not bestow knowledge, it could only reveal it.

One can see apart from the devastation caused in Greece by political and economic disturbances, why Plato was bent towards conservatism. There was nothing novel to be achieved, there was simply a most detailed intimacy with antiquity. Greece was degenerating insofar as she was departing from ideals which had informed her. The reading public is however familiar with Plato's disgust at his Greece; it needs no exposition here.

If Greece in the third century B. C. seemed poverty stricken and old and merely the withered body of beautiful early Greece, how much sadder must the times have seemed to one living in the early Christian centuries, when not only Greece but Rome had had its fling. The very gods, never more stable in the ancient world than the ideals they personified, were lowering their open eyelids and slinking to cover. Esthetic creation in all fields was but mediocre and for the moment the new religions seemed unable to inspire anything to improve it.

Plotinus faced this spectacle and taught the philosophy of Plato. Did he teach resignation, abnegation, a return to what was antique? Had he reasoned about it he certainly would have. But he taught instead that the soul deliberately chose to descend from the perfection of heaven in which it had lived before birth to inhabit and govern a body. Not only was its choice of imperfection deliberate, but its destiny was merely a steady and painful and again deliberate climb back to the realm from which it came. To read these pages of the *Enneads* is to read the drama of mankind abandoning the perfection which is its right for the simple value of recovering it. The recovery itself was but an incident in the general struggle of the whole cosmos, inanimate as well as animate, towards the beautiful pattern in the outline of which it was made. There was hope in such a world, hope of better things through the handling of worse things, hope however not in forsaking this realm of matter, the offscourings of the divine spirit, but in mastering it as the artist does.

This doctrine was not confined to the schoolroom. It

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achieved a popularity like that of our contemporary religions. The Emperor Gallien and his wife, the leaders of Roman society, senators and scholars, sat at the Egyptian's feet to drink in his ungrammatical and thrilling Greek which told them that the facts about them meant nothing, that the traditions of the past meant little, but that the future meant everything.

Could we have predicted with our psychology that such an interpretation of human life would gain widespread recognition in the third Christian century?

A much more brilliant instance of paradoxical behavior is the reactions of Europeans to the universe under the Ptolemaic system of astronomy and under the Copernican system.

Under the Ptolemaic system men were taught that this earth was the center of the cosmos. Around it moved in stately harmony the seven planets. Beyond the planets was a sphere of fixed stars and above all the unmoved heaven where God was known to dwell with all the thrones, dominions, and powers and other personages of the *Celestial Hierarchy* of Dionysius the Areopagite. The same doctrine which had pronounced that the world was created for man's delight and sustenance told them that the sun was created for his warmth and light. That man was but a point in this geocentric system, a point of no importance in the total scheme, could not have occurred to Christians of this time. The whole Hebraic tradition was opposed to so pessimistic a formula and that tradition was supported by the astronomy of the period; it rested as we like to say on a scientific foundation. Just as the heavens moved about the earth, so the earth moved about man.

But were people interested in so important a matter as the center of the universe? Were its workings and its history of any note in their intellectual lives? Did they care to know as Aristotle cared what it was in its own terms? "To treat of the quality and position of the earth," said St. Ambrose in his *Hexaemeron,* "is of no avail for our hopes of the future; sufficient is a knowledge of what the Divine Scriptures say, that He hangeth the earth upon nothing (Job xxvi, 7). Why should we debate whether it hangs in the air or floats on water only to start a controversy over how the thin and non-resistant air could possibly hold up the heavy earth?" And he gives scientific

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opinions about the matter, ending by saying, "The earth stays in the center of things not because it is hung as a balance but because the majesty of God holds it aloft by the law of His will." Would you not think that this rational animal, as man was proud to call himself, would have turned his reason on that which God had deigned thus to honor, in order to illuminate and comprehend its nature? But man's eyes were turned to the heavens and it was not geology which became the predominant science under the geocentric system, but astrology. Men knew that they were creatures of the dust, yet they hoped to be dwellers amongst the stars. God had given them this earth to rule, they chose to abide in the heavens.

Then after some thousand years came the Copernican revolution. The earth was no longer the center of the cosmos, it was but one celestial body out of many; it was but a satellite of that star which human beings had been taught existed simply to warm and light it. In a very bitter sense heaven lay about the human race; they were hovering on the edge of it; what the saintly had always said was being justified. Man was proved to be what he had always said he was, a naked animal crawling for warmth over the floor of a smouldering hearth. Was this not enough to inspire a cynicism and a pessimism, a religious hatred for life and a longing for release?

Christianity ought to have flourished under so Christian an astronomy. It should have been strengthened in its other worldliness. Yet the new system served to make men enthusiastic about themselves. No gesture of mankind was uninteresting, his thoughts, his aspirations, his impulses were all studied with love and care. Ancient gardens were excavated and ruined marble set up to beautify them. The dead language of Greece was revivified and scholars travelled the length and breadth of Europe spreading the arts and science of what they knew to be a miserable tribe of obscure animals. Need I tell here of the glory of the Renaissance, the vigor with which all human values were pursued, the intensifying in every way of the beauty and interest of this worthless planet and of the parasites which infested it? The humanism of this period was a thoroughly unreasonable reaction, quite like the supernaturalism of the Christian Fathers, but as genuine and as dispersed. Its effect has lasted until to-day and ought to

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be a cause of wonder to the rationalizers of human development. For on the one hand you find men believing this world to be the most important thing in the universe and taking no interest in it; on the other you find men believing it to be trivial and cherishing it with passionate devotion.

These are by no means the only paradoxes of cultural history. Why are Americans at once the shrewdest in business affairs and the most gullible in spiritual? Why was the nineteenth century an era of free thought and imperialism? Why did human beings wind up a magnificent career of construction with a grand smashing and levelling of everything peoples had labored to create? Why did the cult of the Virgin reach its height after the religion and theology of the Church had been shaped into a perfect series of syllogisms?

We fail to understand these things because our psychology has been Greek scientific method and not psychology at all. We have analyzed our ideas instead of writing their natural history. Greek scientific method, which was wonderful at the time the *Organon* was written, precludes discovery and creation and confines men's efforts to exposition and revelation. When one's conclusions can be no more extensive than one's premises one is bound to be at a standstill. Everything must be foreknown or foreseen, which is exactly what some scientists expect to-day. Believing in this with pathetic loyalty, we have not understood for the most part that experience is not the guide of our lives but the trial to which we submit our dreams.

GEORGE BOAS.

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EDUCATIONAL ELEPHANTIASIS

BY BURGES JOHNSON

STRIVING for mere bulk is a national pastime that we like to think we have outgrown. Even a citizen of Chicago hesitates nowadays and glances furtively about before he taps his vis-à-vis impressively upon the waistcoat button and says, "Chicago has the longest street in the world. More cattle are slaughtered in our city in one week than die in a decade in Cathay." This type of confidence was once a cause of widespread complaint against the average Chicagoan, until he outgrew it. Chicago had begun to develop in ways other than physical. Later on, the center of superlatives moved to St. Louis, and then to Kansas City. At present writing it is located, we believe, in the geographical center of San Francisco Bay, with a strong pull to the southward from Los Angeles, which promises soon to draw it away altogether.

We are willing to admit that in Dickens' day Americans were constantly bragging of mere size. Yet this, oddly enough, did not necessarily prove us braggarts at heart; rather was it a superficiality, a shell that covered souls sensitively conscious of shortcomings. In the crudest 'fifties any average American recognized that there were great national deficiencies in the realm of culture. He felt that they must be at once apparent to a visitor from the more highly refined civilizations of Europe, and he hastened, like a cuttlefish, to throw out a smoke-screen of superlatives, to protect the national reputation from attack.

That day has passed. American art and letters, and other refinements of civilization, have been superimposed upon the sturdy physical structure that was once our only and our true boast. Nowadays we address the visiting foreigner even in deprecatory terms, confident that he will find here without our guidance qualities of many sorts comparable to those of his own native land.

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This is true of the country as a whole. The center of braggadocio has moved so far west that it should rightfully have disappeared long ago into the Pacific, and be now reappearing among the oriental islands. But from time to time we are made aware by a newspaper clipping or a bit of conversation that the Boast of Bulk is still voiced in some retarded section of our country as a proof of final attainment. Does it at last prove the true braggart, or is it still a camouflage, a pose to cover the fact that sensitive souls recognize their community to be deficient in the finer things?

The longest street in the world, the biggest tree, the largest strawberry, are themselves no detriment to a community, unless they actually crowd out justifications for a finer sort of superlative. Even the most spiritually minded must take a sneaking sort of pride in mere size. Jumbo was indeed an admirable elephant. But it would be a serious matter if this admiration for bulk set an entire community upon the wrong track, because of the grotesque notion that quantity proves quality.

Not long ago I had a strange dream. It seemed to me that in the state of Calisota rumor was running like a prairie fire that with a little effort the State university might become the largest seat of higher education in the land. Here was a superlative almost within reach compared to which bulk in trees and fruits and other material things sank into insignificance. For would not bulk in an educational institution prove bulk in mental attainment as well, so that two superlatives could be caught in one trap? So I dreamt that the directorate of the university, backed by loyal sons of the commonwealth, reached out eagerly for students.

It has been frequently noted how easily the mental balance of a sane individual may be lost in the emotion of a crowd—clergymen of the 'fifties defending slavery, scholars in Germany rejoicing over the *Lusitania*. So we can imagine (if my dream were true) how honest and scholarly reasoners, surrounded by popular clamor for bulk, would discover that bulk itself actually served the purposes of scholarship, or at least of education. So it proved in my dream. Scholars in plenty connected with the institution suddenly discovered that education in a democracy must be within immediate reach of all—higher education no less

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than lower. It is the duty of a State university, they said, to be available to every boy and girl in the State who has finished high school, and to make itself as easy of attainment as possible. The matter of educational standard may be considered after admission, but first of all it is imperative that all who wish should be admitted to anything! Only thus may the function of the State university be carried out. Others reasoned that if bulk was the one argument that the State legislature could understand, then let the university first acquire numbers, at any cost.

So I dreamt that throughout the State every high school was empowered to certify its graduates for admission to the university without examination, and though a few conscientious high school principals at first required some standard of attainment before granting a certificate, standing alone in such a quixotic position soon proved too great an effort and in time certificates were cheapened equally from one end of the State to the other. Then, glorious news, rumor ran from mouth to mouth that the State university had a larger enrollment than any other institution of its kind in the United States, and loyal citizens leaned back in their chairs and beamed with satisfaction over this final proof of their beloved State's pre-eminence, now at last in the field of mental attainment.

Let us be grateful if all this was but a dream! But it might be interesting to consider what would happen to a university attempting to digest such a mortal gorge. In the first place, the usual percentage of students attending the university for no reasons other than social would be greatly increased. Boys and girls with no educational aim whatever would tend to lower the standards of those classrooms which largely received their patronage. Moreover, a State university, dependent upon legislative action for funds, could not respond at once to demands for more instruction. Budgets are fixed for a certain time ahead. A thousand students selecting a course in Economics might find salaried instructors sufficient only for five hundred students. Every possible stretching of the exchequer by the authorities could not provide fit men and women to meet this need during the current year, and students would find themselves under fellow students of honor grade, rather than receiving the benefit of mature instruction. A hundred students, it is safe to guess, might find themselves in a " Spoken

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French" classroom attempting to master French conversation by a fifty-minute association three times a week with one French expert. Students of weaker moral resistance might find themselves over-tempted to plan prolonged absences from classrooms unbeknown to the instructor. The same type of students might the more easily substitute for one another. Such crimes have been known. I recall now that in my dream there was an instance of a student receiving a high mark in a course that he had not attended at all, and two freshmen electing Sanskrit under the vague impression that it was a science, perhaps having something to do with a sand-box, but content to know that it came at an hour which fitted in with their social engagements.

In other words, such an educational structure might collapse of its own weight. Those earnest apologists for no sifting process at entrance would discover that because of resultant circumstances the establishment of a standard among these hordes after entrance was enormously difficult, and such a standard as we should like to have maintained by our American universities quite impossible.

This was indeed a gloomy dream. I make no defense for it other than to claim that it presents a picture of something which might occur, here or there in our broad land. Assume that such a case of educational elephantiasis were to develop. What, then, is the cure? Surely a vast number of American boys and girls brought together in the name of higher education, in an environment adapted to its pursuit, is an inspiring thought, even though a foolish striving for mere bulk aided their assemblage. Perhaps the establishment of old educational standards among them would be impossible. Then, perhaps, in such an institution it would be better to face that fact and establish new ones.

Is a little education for everybody better than a great deal of education for a few? Such a question is not a fair one. The two things are not mutually exclusive. Surely there is an aristocracy of education that will exist, whatever powers arise to crush it, and however for a time they may succeed. And it is doubtful whether any public can lift itself by its boot-straps. Yet—a little more education for everybody!—that must be worth while. If a great State university might arise which would frankly admit such to be its whole purpose, and not claim for its baccalaureate degree a parity with the degree awarded by educational

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machines operated in a different fashion, justification for its existence might well be acknowledged by the entire fraternity of scholars.

Some time ago, an eastern university professor stated that in his opinion the day of great educational segregation was at hand. The accumulation of wealth and power at these centers would make it impossible for small colleges to continue and to justify their own existence. Yet within a year of that statement, progressive administrators in more than one great institution were discussing the advantages of some sort of unscrambling operation, and the establishment of many distinct small colleges of liberal arts, under a system similar to that of English universities. Some of these administrators are now for reaching out and gathering under their wings all detached small colleges in the State. Whether or not the motive is wholly altruistic I cannot say. The fact that all these would be under the control of one centralized authority would give satisfaction to the professor whose opinion I have just quoted.

A few years ago I attended a banquet to celebrate a new development in paper bag cookery. After a delicious meal, various speakers arose to sing its praises, among them Mr. Gelett Burgess. In the course of his remarks he praised the dinner, expressed his approval of the method, but suggested that there were one or two obvious disadvantages to the little bags which had appeared upon our plates. In the first place, they were difficult to handle. He suggested that in the future various improvements upon the idea might appear. The bags, for greater convenience, would be made of some rigid material; then, because of the difficulty of entering them, one side would be left open; then eventually, for convenience of manipulation, some inventive genius would attach a handle, and he could prophetically see, in the far distant future, the gradual evolving of the saucepan.

A most interesting phenomenon in our American world of education is the occasional seismic disturbance, with its resultant ripple upon the waters, when the president of some large university rediscovers the small college.

Some time ago, Amherst College, which proposes to limit its numbers to six hundred students, announced a 50 per cent increase in faculty salaries that would enable it to compete with the largest universities when seeking

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teachers, so far as the financial appeal is concerned. It also will offer to every professor of science a private laboratory for research, with assistants to aid in the caring for apparatus, and others to aid with instruction. In this particular small college there is at present one teacher to every ten students. Moreover, 84 per cent of the faculty are of professorial rank. These facts, interpreted, amount to just this: That students are permitted to come into direct relationship with the best teachers of the institution, and the college is able to secure men of the best sort. In contrast to this, some of the largest universities in the country offer to their under-graduates less than one teacher to every twenty students, and a faculty with less than 57 per cent of professorial rank. There are great universities with an even larger percentage of new-fledged instructors, providing instruction for young men nearly as old as themselves.

No wonder that great universities seek to affiliate with the small colleges of their neighborhood! Let us hope that the college will decline with thanks. The best possible antidote so far discovered for the germ of educational elephantiasis is the small college.

BURGES JOHNSON.

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THE DOLL

BY MURIEL HARRIS

THE doll is a sardonic creature. We know her age to be at least four thousand years and the perfection of the Egyptian dolls of that period makes it certain that her ancestry is considerably more remote than this. Yet she remains unchanged and unchanging, throughout history, nursing our delusions, giving us away without scruple, a silent witness to our emotions and our needs, to the futility of all our efforts to present ourselves as other than we are, to the devastating truth that there is no real dividing line between mortals and Olympians, even between children and grown-ups.

By dolls, I mean those toys that are usually given to children to play with. The religious element does not come in here, or when it does, the doll ceases to be a doll proper. The figurines, for instance, placed in Egyptian tombs for religious purposes, are not dolls at all, though they can easily be mistaken for the real dolls found in children's tombs, but with entirely different functions. Sometimes the two functions are interchangeable. In the Brooklyn Museum, for instance, the magnificent collection from New Mexico shows the doll used primarily for religious purposes. When it has served this purpose, it is made over to the child, and from that moment becomes a doll proper. Similarly in the fourteenth century, royalties used to send each other dolls, primarily to exhibit upon them the latest fashion. Later these fashion dolls were given to the children and so started upon their legitimate career. It is the real dolls, the dolls given to children, who really preserve continuity of history and who really give us those unexpected glimpses into a mirror, whose reflection of ourselves is so different from that upon which we have counted.

Perhaps the most unexpected truth brought home to us by dolls of all the ages, is that they are by no means the

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monopoly of the child. There are children's dolls and there are Olympians' dolls and there are very many more of the latter than of the former. The child's doll may be a piece of stick wrapped in a duster, but endowed with a soul, which, in later years cannot be recaptured. It may be a melancholy wreck, vivified by tenderness into all that is bright and beautiful, and, above all, indispensable. You simply cannot classify the true child's doll, because most of it is imagination and so you never know what form it will take.

The Olympians' doll, on the other hand, is usually wholly lacking in imagination, but its exterior qualities are unmistakable. It may walk or talk, be beautifully dressed, be as natural as a child, possess wardrobes and nurseries, repeat, in short, everything that the Olympian most appreciates himself. As far as material goes, the Olympian's doll wins, hands down. But whereas the child knows exactly what it wants, the Olympian very rarely knows. He believes, for instance, that all the trouble he has lavished upon his dolls is for the sake of the child and not for himself. Now it is true that some children like the dolls of some Olympians, but it is hardly ever for the qualities upon which the Olympian has laid special stress. Moreover, the Olympian gets pleasure out of the fashioning or planning of his doll, which is far greater than anything experienced by the child when it comes into its possession. But still the convention goes on and the fiction is thus maintained that children and parents are two wholly different sets of human beings. And the doll is testimony that so it has been for four thousand years and so it will be probably for four thousand years more.

Another fraud, which most of us like to perpetrate upon ourselves, is ruthlessly exposed by the silent witness. I mean the fraud of modernness. Not so very many years ago a Paris doll was a conception which never failed to give its thrill. Latterly Paris dolls have been exchanged for teddy bears or still more modern presentments of the doll, and it all feels very new and advanced and modern and revolutionary of the old educational ideas. Turning to the Egyptians, however, we find in their dolls the very Parisians of the ancient world, Parisians perhaps who gossiped about modern architectural tendencies when Cheops was building his pyramid, and discussed the domestic affairs of the Shepherd Kings. The Egyptian dolls are wonderfully

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smart, whether they are made of flat gaily painted pieces of wood or modelled in earthenware or stone. They are slim, elegant, spare—certainly witty, rather sensitive to the classical influence though they might not have recognized Greek art under so dead-and-buried a term. Like the Parisians, there was little they did not understand about color, and like them also they had a taste for embroidery, decoration and a touch of the ouija board. Many of the little painted dolls are decorated with triangles and cabalistic signs, to say nothing of lucky pigs of naturalistic design. And very much care is lavished upon them. Parent and child had much in common over these dolls. Many of them are jointed—and the Parisian has always laid great stress upon jointing. The hair convention of four thousand years ago is one which still exists in Lower Abyssinia today. Mud pellets from the Nile are threaded upon strings to form hyacinthine locks, barbered according to the rigid Egyptian style. Thus there are few principles in dolls today which were not anticipated by the old Egyptian, and those that were not, appear among the Greeks and Romans.

Since we have made our own so many Greek and Roman conventions, it is almost difficult to realize that these conventions—many of them—existed at least two thousand five hundred years ago. The wax doll, for instance, came not from Paris, but from Greece in the first instance. And just as the Pompeiian hot air system is a little nonplussing to the modern engineer who has discovered everything, so a doll's bedstead in classical times makes us feel almost that the ancients must have been human beings. And when we come to Plutarch's little girl who asked her nurse to give food to her dolls, what becomes of the historical period, of dates and modern methods and discoveries?

The Greek dolls were often so beautiful as really to be little less than statuettes, while the Romans extended the life of the doll to a remarkable point of realism. She, too, had her wardrobes, her doll's houses with complete sets of household utensils usually made of lead. Even the money-box was not lacking, made of clay and with little slits for the cents and dimes of the day. The discovery some years ago of the tomb of little Crepercia Tryphania disclosed a beautiful wooden doll, nearly a foot high, showing traces of gilding and having joints, and another tomb of interest, as linking up ancient with modern life, was that of a child, found in

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London, in which was a little doll dating from the earlier years of the Roman occupation of Britain. Finally, to carry realism still further and to show that classicism is no less modern than are our own times, there is in the British Museum a sad, small rag doll, which belonged to a little Roman some seventeen hundred years ago. There is one blue bead on the left of its battered head,—presumably, as to-day in Italy, to ward off the evil eye. Even the idea of something soft for tender fingers is not new—indeed, perhaps, considerations of hygiene alone are absent, which temporarily are laying the rag-doll under suspicion.

While dolls show the extension of the anthropomorphic idea to all parts of the world, it is even more startling to trace in them with almost equal certainty the psychological development of a race as regards such unprimitive qualities as boredom, humor, exaggeration. The "pretty" doll of our own times has for some time been out of fashion. The golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty has been replaced in one direction by the more natural, realistic doll; in the other by the humorous, absurd, and, very often, vulgar doll. In between you have the teddy bear, who, strictly speaking, is the lineal descendant of the Esquimaux dolls, of which there are several specimens in the Natural History Museum. Now it is, of course, easy to grow tired of the merely pretty, and the latter-day Olympian casts around for something to take its place in the doll-world. Thus you have dolls who turn up their eyes, dolls with over-developed stomachs, dolls who wear veils and little else besides, dolls who grin and dolls who are merely ugly—as the easiest antithesis to prettiness. Few of them are really humorous; many of them are excessively boring. They are the sign of a self-conscious age, which above all must be different—no matter in what direction, no matter at what sacrifice—but different. But they are not different at all. The Greeks—to take the earliest known freak doll-makers—went through just the same phase. From the exquisite beauties of the age of Pericles, the Greeks turned to caricature and to the sort of humor that used to be considered inherent in any sort of deformity. The dull Bœotian, for instance, offered unrivalled opportunities for caricature of which the Greek doll-maker was not slow to take advantage. Bœotians as dolls are represented with fatuous, goose-like expressions which are really funny. Other "humorous" dolls—the

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Golliwogs of ancient Greece—fell back upon humped backs or big paunches, with which to obtain their effect and negroes, thus transformed, are found in large numbers among ancient Greek dolls. Incidentally, the average humorous doll may be found all over the world under the conventional guise of the tilting-toy or Bouncing Billy—that is to say, the doll or figure whose center of gravity is so arranged that, if knocked down, he always gets up again. The Bouncing Billy of Maryland exists in Japan, China, Germany, Spain. He also existed in ancient Rome, where he no doubt fascinated parents and children alike.

In religion, as in every-day government, laws are made and laws are broken, and some laws are taken as being expressly made to be broken. Normally there are forms and observances by means of which laws are broken, and so the really law-abiding citizen can feel that he is on the side of the angels whatever he does. Among dolls you find a similar system, only it is perhaps more straightforwardly systematized. Thus, in the Mohammedan world, you have the story of Mohammed who played at dolls with his nine-year-old wife Ayesha. On the other hand you have the Koran, which, like the Bible, says you must not make graven images. Now a doll is clearly a graven image. Yet dolls are a prime necessity. Mohammedans in Egypt take a very short cut to achieve their object. They make their dolls of white rag, tightly rolled, and they dress them in the conventional black silk attire of the Mohammedan women. But they give them no faces and thus escape the charge of the graven image. This is not unlike the habit of the Sunday doll, who used, unofficially, to exist in England years ago. Since Sunday was a day of rest, you put away all mundane things including dolls. Unfortunately your behavior without your doll was not all that could be desired either from a Sabbatical or a parental point of view. And so there was often a doll, kept in tissue paper in a bottom drawer, who used to be produced for Sundays only, who had to be treated with a care and reverence befitting the day, but who, being surety for a certain alleviation of an intolerably dull time, inspired an affection she otherwise would not have achieved. Even in China, where the Trimetrical Classic—the horn-book of every Chinese school—declares that play is unprofitable, Chinese children manage not only to possess dolls, but to possess some of the most beautiful dolls.

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Usually children and Olympians meet in the extremes of the doll-world, except perhaps in Japan, where dolls have Feasts and festivals and are treasured as much by the grown-ups as the children. At one extreme you get the Russian peasant doll, made sometimes of moss, sometimes of chips of wood, brightly painted. They have the sombre, wooden expression of the denizen of boundless forests, reproduced, for instance, in the Byzantine Madonnas—and they have clearly been made solemnly and will be played with solemnly. Few dolls are nearer nature than these and in their presence the boundary line between children and Olympians is simply non-existent. At the other extreme, you get the elaboration which, while it is made over to the children, simply could not have existed without the greatest interest in the subject on the part of the grown-up.

There are very definite periods of this elaboration. In the eighteenth century for instance, children became rather fashionable. I mean fashionable in the sense of being regarded as ornamental assets to the family, instead of being merely the necessary continuation of the race. You have only to look at the Reynolds' portraits of babies to realize the estimation in which they were held and how the child ideal had changed from the stately children of Van Dyck's day. The result was an immense outcrop of dolls with all sorts of refinements and elaborations. Usually, owing to the heavy German fashions, the dolls were made of wood and not very naturalistically painted. Those of wax which survive are most often effigies made of babies after death, just as a wax effigy of Nelson was carried at his funeral. Being babies, they are very often mistaken for dolls, pure and simple. But of clothes they had everything that chintz and brocade could produce. The elders vied with each other in producing Hogarth-like families of dolls, who were housed in beautiful dolls' houses with exquisite suites of Chippendale furniture, the very best china, Sheraton mirrors, blue glass, miniature chandeliers and all the luxuries which are sought after in furnishing to-day. So many of these dolls' houses have come down practically intact, that there is reason for grave doubt as to how much the children were ever allowed to play with them. Similarly the Japanese have the ceremonial dolls, who have very little to do with children, and during the French Renaissance dolls reached such a height of luxury as to make them very much

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more the vehicles of Olympian love of showing-off than objects suitable for children. Indeed the tendency of French dolls generally has been over-elaboration, and that, even before the French type emancipated itself from the German influence about the middle of the nineteenth century. Probably it has something to do with the maturity of the French child as compared with those of many other nations. Suffice it that Jean-Jacques Rousseau took upon himself to fulminate against extravagance in dolls, much as people might fulminate against the costliness of lap-dogs to-day, and the extravagance of a doll, for instance, which in the eighteenth century cost 20,000 livres, was clearly an affair of the elders rather than of the children for whom such dolls were ostensibly designed. In early Mexico you find a similar elaboration in Aztec dolls, who, when blown into, said "Mamma." One more instance, and a very modern instance, of the monopoly of the doll by the grown-up can be found in *"ma tante d'Alsace."* *"Ma tante d'Alsace"* is perhaps the one known instance of doll-influence in the art of propaganda. She hails from Brittany. Ever since the war of 1870 a number of Breton families have kept a very beautiful Alsatian doll, wrapt in tissue paper and produced only on ceremonial occasions. She is known to the children of the family as *"ma tante d'Alsace,"* and she was used to be a perpetual reminder to Breton youth from its earliest days of the Lost Provinces.

Thus you find all nations leagued to possess dolls. You find all religions overcoming suspicions and beliefs in order to possess them, and that, whether among the early Christians, who would naturally be suspicious of so pagan an institution, or among the Congolese with their iron doll, always a little uncomfortable as to whether it should not be treated as a fetish. You find them descending to little ruses and tricks, in the interest of the doll; you find art and invention placed at her service. You find seasons of the year given over to dolls—when it is right and proper to buy them and possess them. And all the time the doll remains unchanged, unyielding, unwinking, knowing that while she can wait for you four thousand years and more, you cannot do without her.

MURIEL HARRIS.

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THE NEW USURY

BY E. A. CROSS

TO-DAY the cost of a certain necessity is advanced. To-morrow organized labor will advance wages to meet the new level of the cost of living. Then the week following sugar or coal or cotton goods will take another upward step, for the producer and selling agent must maintain their margins of profit undisturbed by the advance of the wages of labor. Business is so organized that it can manipulate the prices of food, fuel, shelter, and clothing almost at will. But labor can also dictate terms. There is no end in sight to the march of prices up an ever-ascending staircase.

The process of increasing the cost of these four vital necessities, food, fuel, shelter, and clothing, and of forcing wages up to meet the new scale of expenses has been at work with a new and alarming activity since the beginning of the war in 1914. Within the given years the cost of living has been doubled and the wages of organized labor doubled to meet the advance in the cost of necessities. The futility of the struggle becomes apparent when one considers that the eight-dollar carpenter has no more money to spend for high-priced necessities than he had when he was a four-dollar man and the same luxuries cost only half as much. It is an even break for the laborer. True, the business man who buys an article for a dollar and a half and sells it for three makes twice as much money on a single transaction as he made when he bought the same article for seventy-five cents and sold it for a dollar and a half. But his doubled profits buy only the same amount of goods now as the single bought five years ago. He too breaks even, except that he is preyed upon by a panic of fear. Business today is terrorized. It fears that labor is not merely preserving itself but is out on a well-organized

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bolshevik raid upon capital, property, and business, and will not be satisfied until it has pulled the house down on all our heads. What does it profit a man if he have a heavy purse today, but is possessed by a gnawing fear that the golden goose suffers from a mortal distemper and soon must die?

Economists declare that the supply of a necessity, and the demand for it, regulate the price, and that this ascending staircase has a necessary fixed height, determined by supply and demand and the volume of money. Perhaps so in times past. This may once have been a dependable economic law operating with the regularity and smoothness of a well-regulated pendulum. But organization of labor and combination and agreement of capital accelerate or retard the swing of the pendulum, as if a human hand were thrust into the works of a clock. Who believes, for example, that supply and demand alone delicately regulate the price of gasoline today? Or who is convinced that even the retail association of dealers in meats and groceries in his own town stands helpless before the supreme authority of supply and demand?

If society were made up of just the two groups—capital and labor—nobody would care much what wages would be or where prices might go. When sugar would be selling for a dollar a pound, the worker could hold up his employer for ten dollars an hour in wages so as to provide the means to buy sugar and other necessities priced on that scale. And if organized labor should demand wages at the rate of one hundred dollars a day, the bakers could compel labor to pay two dollars for a loaf of bread. But, you will say, this process cannot go on forever. The volume of money is fixed, and will not permit such excesses. When " reason and the will of God prevailed " this might have been true, but either organized capital or organized labor can now enforce demands which have nothing to do with either reason or the will of God. Organized labor took advantage of an impending national calamity to compel the Government to pass the Adamson law, and would have tied up transportation at a time when every ton of traffic was needed to preserve the nation and labor itself from falling into the hands of a conscienceless foe. Capital took advantage of national calamity and made enormous profits in certain industries, at a time when both capital

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and labor should have been drafted at a soldier's pay for the period of the war.

Extremists of either group know nothing of economic laws. When you tell the bolshevist that the volume of money limits wages, he points you to the printing press and asks, Why limit the volume of money? There is a bolshevism in business as well as in labor, just as unreasoning, just as determined to get all that's going without thought of ultimate consequences. These two have not been slow to make demands which set at nought all economic law; and the public has been obliged, up to this date, to find a way to meet these demands. Of course, those who see far know that the economic laws are only delayed in their action, and that the crash is yet inevitable, though temporarily deferred. Unfortunately society is not organized into just the two classes, capital and labor. If it were, and if the two insisted on pulling the house down on their own heads, the disinterested observer on Mars or the moon could slangily say, "Go to it". There is, however, a defenseless third interest, that views with apprehension the battle of the giants. This third observes the cost of necessities double and treble while its own means of purchasing food, and fuel, and clothing, and shelter remain fixed or are advanced only a poor five or ten per cent.

The usefulness of all endowed institutions is cut in half when their money buys only half of what it once bought. This means colleges and universities, the intellectual balance wheels of a republic whose people must think if the nation is to endure. It means charitable institutions. An orphan asylum which could care for two hundred children in 1914, is limited to one hundred in 1920. A soldier's widow, by the doubling of the cost of living, sees with dismay her few pension dollars shrink into halves. Eight hundred thousand teachers, men and women, have seen their meager salaries of 1914 cut in half by the increased cost of living. There are preachers, writers, clerks, stenographers, postal employees, firemen, policemen, and unorganized mental and physical workers by the millions who have been robbed—there is no other word for it—by capital and labor as these within five years have taken away half the purchasing power of the dollar.

These people, too, are the very salt of the earth. They make life worth living. They give Matthew Arnold's

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"sweetness and light" to the very world in which capital and labor must live. But they cannot strike. A charitable or educational institution cannot strike. Preachers cannot strike. Teachers cannot strike. None of the men and women who do the kinds of work which make the country worth living in can organize and strike for higher wages. Capital may say that preachers and teachers should quit if they don't like the pay. Labor may declare that those who do not produce with their hands have no right to live. But the indisputable fact remains that without this defenseless third the country would speedily become a howling waste place with no law but the will of the strong, and no social consciousness but that of tooth and claw.

Even the faintest glimmer of wisdom should prompt capital to pay the brains of the country—the teachers, preachers, social workers, writers, clerks, etc.—such wages as would enable these to live contentedly, and to have more of the means to live than those who do not have the desire or the means or the brains to educate themselves to do the world's thinking for it. But even that could not long be effective. The wages of the voiceless third can never keep pace with the ever ascending spiral of wages and the cost of things which the struggle of the giants creates. There must be instituted some device to stabilize wages and costs for all three of the groups interested. There must be no forced ascending spiral. The new usury, a polite term for industrial theft, must be circumvented.

Usury in the renting of money is prevented by law. Only a fixed rental may be charged. There is a maximum annual profit charged for the use of money. Beyond this no man may go without bringing down upon himself the wrath of law. The laws of usury should be extended to labor and to other necessary commodities, as they are now applied to money. To stabilize the value of money and goods there should be a fixed maximum profit allowed on shoes, on clothing, on cloth in the piece, on farm products which are to be converted into food, clothing, shelter, or fuel, on every one of the necessities of life. Take coal as an illustration. The owner of coal land should have his just profit; the mine owner should have his fixed net profit above the cost of mining; transportation should have its fixed profit above the actual cost of service; and finally

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the local dealer should have his fixed profit for selling coal to the consumer.

To determine what would be a just and liberal profit for each partner in this industry would require the services of economists and accountants more skilled than I; but nothing worth while is impossible. These calculations and adjustments can be made.

Beet sugar is produced in large quantities where I live. The steps in sugar-producing are few and may be easily reckoned. A farmer raises beets—what are his costs per ton, and what is a reasonable profit? A factory turns these into sugar—how much actual money is invested in the physical equipment of the factory (not watered stock upon which profits must be paid), and how much does it cost to change beets into sugar? Then a reasonable maximum profit for transportation and retail selling could be allowed, and a just and stable selling price to the consumer determined.

The necessities of life—food, fuel, shelter, and clothing —are not so numerous as to make it impossible to determine the cost of production and to add thereto a reasonable maximum profit to the producer or seller.

Public opinion alone can never dictate what is a maximum wage for labor or a maximum profit for grower, manufacturer, or selling agent. These matters must be determined by law. The penalty for profiteering (modern theft and robbery) should be heavy fines and imprisonment for the guilty. I, personally, would go even farther. Surely anyone who deliberately prevents or limits the production, transportation, or marketing of one of the necessities of life plots against the very existence of the nation; commits treason to his country.

Expert commissioners should fix prices, profits, and equitable wages. And then there should be added a quick-acting automatic safety clutch. Upon every article displayed for sale both the cost price and the selling price in plain figures should be attached. The penalty for lying about these should be the same as for profiteering. The American people are a fair people and are willing to allow every man a square deal and a fair profit. If a man goes into a store to buy a hat and finds the price ticket marked: "Wholesale cost $2.38, transportation—.12, operating margin—.48, net profit—.60. Selling price $3.58," he would

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feel much better satisfied than if he had to pay six dollars for a hat that he suspected had cost the dealer only two.

These citations will serve to make clear what I mean by the new usury, and the devices to prevent it. As usury is an overcharge for the use of money, so should there be a new usury law to prevent overcharges for the use of the other cardinal necessaries of life—food, fuel, clothing and shelter—and labor. The remedy offered is the fixing of a reasonable profit for the production and marketing of the necessaries of life, and a provision for a vigorous prosecution of the usurer. In addition the white light of publicity as to cost and profit should be played upon all goods offered for sale.

Labor, too, must submit to reason. The great common mass of American citizens, rich and poor, labor and capital, and the voiceless third, has shown more than once, and supremely in 1917, how it could rise and respond as one man to an ideal that touched its conviction of justice and right. But that is past, and today labor has taken its cue from profiteering capital and seems now to be out on a wild border raid of grabbing everything in sight while it is the fashion to grab. The laborer sees the corporation he works for taking unwarranted profits, and he too demands similar unwarranted profits upon his toil.

There is a tendency everywhere to grant to working men better working conditions, better living conditions, insurance against loss of time through sickness or injury, service and old age pensions, and even a voice in the management of the business in which they are employed—a tendency to grant freely and as just dues all the conditions which make for industrial democracy. The intention of all level-headed and far-seeing Americans is to deal justly with both capital and labor. America stands for fair dealing. We are not unthinking idealists, but as a mass we simply see that it is best for all to be contented, moderately prosperous, well provided with the necessaries, and with a reasonable margin for some of the luxuries. There are, however, a sufficient number of bolsheviks in business and bolsheviks among laboring men who demand unreasonable returns from trade and labor. These men have dominated the situation, and they now compel sane and moderate good citizens to make demands which are virtually robbery to those who have to pay.

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These must be restrained, be they millionaires, profiteers in the necessities of life, or mule drivers in coal mines. The Government of the United States, the people, must say to all such that any profit beyond a fixed limit is usury, and subject to the penalties of usury. After instituting commissions to fix reasonable profits on goods, and reasonable returns for labor when the costs of living are stabilized at a given level, after compelling the display of cost price and selling price upon all goods offered for sale, there is yet a third force to be called into operation to save the country from a mad stampede to destruction. This third force is a nation-wide propaganda to appeal to the American people as a whole, all classes, all callings, for a patriotic recognition of fair play and fair returns for all honest work.

Our people readily heard the call of every distress during the period of the war. They responded generously, lavishly, from the humblest laborer to the richest capitalist. Is there no possibility of the three parties concerned, capital, labor and the voiceless third, coming to an agreement concerning what is just and generous for all classes, and then by a campaign of publicity through newspapers, magazines, pulpits, schools, public addresses, cartoons, posters, dodgers—all the machinery which was used in the war drives—to persuade the people to accept a reign of economic justice in this country, no matter how wildly Europe may run amuck?

Whether the proposals set forth in this paper are found reasonable in the long run, or merely the voice of one overtaken by darkness and seeking for a flicker of guiding light, is yet to be seen. But a fact is before us. We are in besetting dangers. Wages and the cost of things must by some device be stabilized. Capital must know ahead what supply of material and labor it can depend upon; and labor must be able to know beforehand what wages it may expect and how far those wages will go toward paying for the means to live. Such an arrangement will be best for both, and such an arrangement will also enable the voiceless and defenseless third to live and do its work in a needy world undisturbed by the unhindered, uncontrolled usury of the twentieth century—a new usury that, unless checked, will bring the world to disaster.

E. A. Cross.

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THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

"NOT because Heaven existed did men know Good from Evil; the because, I invite you to consider lay quite the other way. It was *because* men, having hearts as well as stomachs, felt there, and knew through all their being, the difference between Good and Evil, that Heaven and Hell first came to exist."

If I were to preach a lay sermon, I believe I should choose the passage quoted above, or a passage greatly like it, for my text; and for a sort of underpinning or support, I might throw in the well-known saying of Kant's,—"Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heavens; and the Sense of Right and Wrong in Man." Not that these two passages express the same thing—not at all. Their juxtaposition, however, I think, is interesting; the second might lead one to contemplate more earnestly the first. If I were to preach a real sermon, I should, of course, choose my text from the Bible; again it would be like the one quoted above, only rather more clouded, more overlaid with the scoria of talk, and it would take doubtless a more skillful hammer than mine to knock away the incrustment.

The notion of the sermon came to me from reading certain Grundy articles. My reading, I confess, was very cursory; I did not read them to agree or to disagree, but simply to note, to observe and, as Chaucer says, "turn over the leaf." These articles were about religion, its possible coming and its not coming, the when's and the why's; and one writer said that a certain other writer, in speaking of the humanity of Jesus, slurred over His divinity. And I wondered what the writer meant by the terms, humanity and divinity of Jesus, where one left off and the other began, whether or no they were blended—how blended? And if blended, was the blend different in kind or in degree from the blend of divinity and humanity in other people. And what is,

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then, the divinity in other people, the godlike in men? Let me return to my text: Not because God existed did men worship, but because men, having hearts, felt and knew through all their being that they must have God: so they created Him in this exalted image of theirs, and He came to them to be worshipped.

I see, perhaps, a real difficulty here, a sort of owl and egg difficulty. What put it into the heart of men to worship God? Was it because God really existed, or was it because men needed God and had to create Him? Was the God of Jesus an existence or was He a creation, that is, did He exist because He was created? Could one say: "Not because God existed did Jesus know Him; but Jesus had to have a Divine Father: so He created His Father, and in this way found His experiences justified"?

The sermon at this point would get into very deep waters—refined definitions and what not—troubles which I wish to avoid. I have been thinking about the revival of religion—is there a chance of its coming?

The writer from whom my lay text is quoted was once giving an address, a notable address I take it, to a large body of students. In this address he said that a striking quality of the two great peoples of antiquity, the Greek and the Roman, was that in the beginning of their history, indeed, all through their noblest periods, they were very religious. The speaker lay great emphasis upon this point and brought it home by several illustrations; among others, which I forget, he mentioned, I believe, the plays of Sophocles as strengthening his assertion. Later in his address, he fell to speaking of Reverence and he quoted his master, Goethe, on the three reverences. The reverence toward, or worship of, those above us, he said, was characteristic of pagan peoples at their finest moments; they stretched out their hands in adoration of the powers above them. They created these powers because they had to have them; otherwise their lives would have been torn and thwarted. The wise Zeus, presider over the destinies of men, came into being because men could not get along without him; they were so religious that they had to create him. The address I am quoting does not actually say this; I am trying to adapt it a bit to my text.

After all, what I am thinking about is that religious revival which some maintain is so near us, or is, indeed,

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now among us. What signs are there of its presence or of its approach? Does religious awakening ever come by way of a desire to organize, by the modes of business or of politics? Does it come through advertising, even by the latest hypnotic methods? World-Religious-Movement, how it has been dinned into our ears; and the people who do the shouting are possessed of most familiar faces; we have seen them before, but not as distinctly religious persons—their countenances wear the light or the dimness of other than religious dawn. "Art is anarchic," says some one, "and resistant to organization." So is religion. Religion comes in the throes of deep, deep experience. There is no talking it up. Movies, headlines, finding what the people like,—none of these things comes into the remotest contact with religion. Rather the reverse. If one were to ask what all this clamor were not, I should say it is essentially not religious. Religious people often organize, are rather prone to, it seems; but religion on the whole frets under organization. Like art, it likes to breathe the free air. When a movement is on to organize religion, the signs are pretty plain that no revival is imminent.

Indeed I do not think it would be difficult to prove that religion abhors noise. It might be contended that all this noise is an outward condition; underlying it, there is a deep, silent conviction, evidenced most of all, perhaps, in the widespread desire for service. Of course, the word, "widespread," rather begs the question. If one could actually prove that zeal for service were at this moment more widespread, more self forgetful than ever before, one might have a fairly good right to maintain that reverence for things about us and below us, if not for things above us, were becoming more and more prevalent. And these reverences are probably signs of religion. But to prove all this is a pretty stiff programme.

Religion has always been a force creative; she makes gods and devils and heavens and hells; and when a big religious movement gets started (as it has several times in the world's history) these creations are overpowering: they also last a long, long time; in fact, some of them that were created centuries ago are vital yet: in truth, they will live until a still larger creative force comes in and in creating new gods and devils does away with the older ones. Zeus and Poseidon, Dis were greatly damaged some centuries ago as Milton so well exaggerates.

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And the God and the Devil and the Heaven and the Hell,—all these creations that embodied a new Sense of Right and Wrong in men—these new creatures that reduced the old gods and their environment to Literature, were made only after an awful heartsearching, in which noise was silent and service unpreached.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

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DON QUIXOTE

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

They told Don Quixote he was old and dazed,
Ill-born, a pauper, not a knight at all,
A thing to make the very crows amazed
With the grotesqueness of his spectacle.
I think his words of answer spoke but part
Of his defense against the worldly crew;
I think great lights were flashing in his heart
Whereof he told not, and they never knew.
I think he saw all that they saw and more—
The old and battered knight, the sorry frame;
But cared not, knowing that his bosom bore
The living embers of a vanished flame,
And that his memory guarded now alone
The history of a beauty that was gone.

II

"However," said the Bachelor Carrasco,
"Some souls there be, reading your history,
Who wish the author had not numbered so
The bafflements that were your misery
And foil, most noble knight!" But Sancho, wise,
Spoke that thick candor which is half his zest:
"In these falls lies the history; all were lies
With these left out: and truth, gadzooks, is best!"
"Aye, truth to mortal eyes!" the old knight said,
"But such a truth might well have been let go.
Things that light not the living nor the dead
Are of small profit for our brains to know.
Prove that the real Aeneas was a knave,
But have you then stirred Virgil in his grave?"

III

Don Quixote died a sane man; at his bed
The curate and the barber marveling stood,
Admiring his new wisdom as he said
Clear words, abjuring in his dying mood

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All of the far adventurings, cursing all
The old enchantments, casting out all fays
Of mad romances that had sounded call
So clarion-like to his knight-errant days.
Thus drew the high strange tragedy to its close;
Thus the great dupe and dreamer ebbed, was gone.
Madmen end ill, as everybody knows;
The barber and the curate, they lived on.
Poor knight! God viewed thee with a jealous eye
Since mad and great He would not let thee die!

IV

Dearest of all the heroes! Peerless knight
Whose follies sprang from such a generous blood!
Young, young must be the heart that in thy fight
Beholds no trace of its own servitude.
Young, or else darkened, is the eye that sees
No image of its own fate in thy quest.
The windmills and the swine,—by such as these
Is shaped the doom of those we love the best.
Beloved knight! La Mancha's windows gleam,
Across the plain time makes so chill and grey,
With thy light only. Still thy flambeaux stream
In pomp of one who on his destined day
Put up his spear, his knightly pennon furled,
And died of the unworthiness of the world.

V

Great ghost! who in the Autumn of the year,
When through gaunt branches terrible winds that blow
Seem whispering to us, seem more close and dear
Than all the human voices that we know—
Great ghost! who loved uncomprehended space
And was so fevered with immortal time,
Who dreamed that heaven lit up one chosen face,
And trusted fantasies crowded into rhyme—
Be not too far from us; come, at the pane
Flatten your pale face and look in on us:
We also are of those who live in vain;
Like you we are noble and ridiculous:
Like you we haunt a savage Autumn night
In dizzy errantries of lonely flight?

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

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THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PERHAPS the most intelligent attitude to take toward the plays of J. M. Barrie is unconditional surrender. If one unreservedly yields one's mind and heart to their enfolding charm, then one will understand them. Otherwise never.

J. M. Barrie is the foremost English-writing dramatist of our time, and his plays, taken together, make the most important contributions to the English drama since Sheridan. He unites the chief qualities of his contemporaries, and yet the last word to describe his work would be the word eclectic. For he is the most original of them all. He has the intellectual grasp of Galsworthy, the moral earnestness of Jones, the ironical mirth of Synge, the unearthly fantasy of Dunsany, the consistent logic of Ervine, the wit of Shaw, the technical excellence of Pinero. In addition to these qualities, he has a combination of charm and tenderness possessed by no other man. I am aware that the last two sentences will seem to many readers mere hyperbole. I will refer such doubters to the published plays.

That literary men cannot write plays is a lusty myth. Authors of inane, reverberating claptrap never tire of repeating it. Yet the three foremost playwrights of the modern English Theatre, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, were all distinguished novelists before anyone thought of them in connection with the footlights. So was St. John Ervine; Dunsany was a writer of prose tales, and John Drinkwater a professional poet. To command an excellent literary style is not necessarily a fatal handicap.

Although Mr Barrie had written a number of books before *The Little Minister* appeared in 1891, it was this thrilling story that literally spread his fame over the wide earth. One of the most fortunate results of its publication was that it attracted the attention of Stevenson, on the other

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side of the world. Stevenson's heart was always in Scotland; and the appearance of a good book by a Scotsman gave him a thrill quite unlike any other sensation. Twice he essayed to write a letter to his young countryman, and succeeded only at the third attempt. He seems to have been instantly aware of the extraordinary powers of the new man, and equally certain that *The Little Minister* was only a prologue to the swelling act.

In December, 1893, at the close of a longish letter, Stevenson was bold enough to write, "Whereupon I make you my salute with the firm remark that it is time to be done with trifling and give us a great book." Barrie replied by writing *Sentimental Tommy,* which Stevenson never lived to see in print, but the character and plot awakened his liveliest curiosity, all the more that in some features he was the hero; had he lived to see it completed, he would have welcomed it as one of the great British novels, which it undoubtedly is. The evidences of amateurishness in *The Little Minister* vanished, and we have the work of a master's hand.

It is an interesting fact that in the early nineties, two novelists of genius—who were later to become intimate friends—were both struggling to win distinction on the British stage; J. M. Barrie and Henry James. After a few false starts, the former fairly surpassed expectation; the later totally failed. The reasons for this failure are conclusively though unconsciously given by the aspirant himself, in the wonderful *Letters,* published in 1920. And the main reason is not because James failed to master the technique of the stage, while Barrie succeeded; the failure was inherent in the temperament and mental processes of the great American. In order to achieve the success in the theatre that he reached in short stories, novels, and literary criticism, Henry James would have required a play twelve hours long, a dialogue enunciated with the deliberation of a glacier, and an intellectual audience endowed with divine patience. For the effect produced in his novels—of which I am almost a fanatical admirer—is produced by the accumulation of atoms; one pauses in reading, one reflects, one reads back, one finally sees; and then, after finishing the last page, one really ought to read the whole book through again in the light of the conclusion. There is hardly time for that method at the theatre;

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there, instead of an effect produced by a large collection of tiny units, one word, one gesture, one smile, or one silence must do it all.

Herein lies one of the chief elements in Barrie's success. He reveals a situation as a lightning flash reveals an object in gross darkness. It is probably necessary for ordinary aspirants to study the "technique of the drama"; I do not know, for I suppose I am the only white man who never wrote a play. But it is not necessary for genius. If a prize had been offered in 1605 for the best treatise on dramatic construction, I do not think Shakespeare could have secured honorable mention; while it is probable that Ben Jonson would have carried off the palm. Barrie is a great playwright because he understands human nature, knows how to represent it in conversation and in action, has enormous sympathy with his characters, and what is equally important, has enormous sympathy with the audience. His plays are full of action; and yet the story of each play can usually be given in a few sentences. What is it then, keeps the audience at strained attention? If some character ask a question, we would not miss the answer for all the world. His people capture us almost instantly, because, while composing the play, their creator himself felt their reality. They were right there, in the room with him. He saw their faces and heard their voices. In a conversation with Mr. John D. Williams, he said:

> It is my contemptible weakness, that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer; if he is a coward and given to contortions, I cringe, or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely. One reads of the astounding versatility of an actor who is stout and lean on the same evening, but what is he to the novelist who is a dozen persons within the hour? Morally, I fear, we must deteriorate; but that is a subject I may wisely edge away from.

Now this method, so delightfully described in the above conversation, is similar to the method used by the founder of modern French dramatic realism, Henry Becque. While he was writing his masterpiece, *Les Corbeaux,* in which every person has an almost intolerable air of reality, the author would rise, stand in front of a tall mirror, and go through an extraordinary series of gesticulations and

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grimaces corresponding to the appearance of his imagined men and women.

There is no doubt that shyness—so characteristic of the literary as distinguished from the rhetorical temperament—is an immense asset to a creative artist. Being a mute in general conversation, especially in youth, having no part to play and praying to escape from, rather than to attract the general attention, the unavoidable hours spent in society, in eating, and in travel, are spent in acute observation. The capacity to observe, combined with an endless capacity for human sympathy, is evident in all Barrie's literary work.

The year 1891 was memorable, for in that year Barrie published his first famous novel, *The Little Minister,* and made his first appearance on any stage. With Mr. Marriott-Watson as collaborator, he produced a drama that had a run of exactly one day. The play was *Richard Savage,* and I wish I knew where I could lay my hands on a copy, for it would be interesting not only in itself, but for its *ex post facto* potentialities. Some twenty-two years ago, Mr. Edward Morton gave an entertaining account of it, by which we learn that it was a romantic drama of the eighteenth century, with real persons, Steele, Savage, and Jacob Tonson. The prologue was written by W. E. Henley, and the scenes that followed were filled with plots and counterplots, strange oaths and the clashing of swords. Mr. Morton says that the future dramatist is revealed "in the scene in which Steele frees two lovers from an irksome engagement to marry, from which both are eager to be released, and leaves each disposed to think the other has been called upon to make a sacrifice." This situation, I may add, Barrie repeated in *Walker, London.*

One would think that the prodigious success of *The Little Minister* and the failure of *Richard Savage* would indicate to the author his true "line." But Barrie, encouraged by success, was inspired by failure, for in the same year he produced two other plays of no importance, *Ibsen's Ghost* and *Becky Sharp.* The former was an unsuccessful parody on Ibsen, the preliminary necessary study of the Scandinavian genius bearing fruit later in *The Twelve-Pound Look* and in *The Will.* The other trifle was made by arranging the language of Thackeray.

These three finger-exercises merely indicate growing facility in practice; all depend on some element outside of

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the author's mind. He hitched his wagon, not to a star, but to the nearest convenient post. In 1892, however, he wrote a purely original play, which, devoid of even a suggestion of literary value, indicated mastery of the playwright's art. This is *Walker, London,* produced at Toole's Theatre, London, on February 25, 1892. The entire action takes place on a houseboat on the Thames, and the humor — it is pure farce—arises from a case of mistaken identity.

The next year, with Conan Doyle as partner, he wrote *Jane Annie; or the Good Conduct Prize,* in which the small boy Caddie was the chief character and made the success of the piece.

After four years of faithful effort, he produced in 1895 *The Professor's Love Story,* his first successful play, which was revived in London in the season of 1916-1917. This has always been a favorite of its author's, not merely for the charm of sentiment in it, but because it gave him public recognition as a dramatist.

In the year 1897 his fame as a playwright equalled his fame as a novelist — and the same book is responsible for this right and left shot, *The Little Minister.* It was the fashion at that time to turn "best sellers" into plays, a fashion that began with *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and continued until everyone wearied of it. Nearly all of these dramatized novels were grotesquely inept, and perhaps Mr. Barrie was led to make his attempt in order to show how it ought to be done. "If the public will insist on having their favorite fiction-characters incarnate, let us have the process artistic." The author did not hesitate to alter many details, for he was forced to change time-exposures into snap-shots. The play is even better than the book—each person is sharply individualized, and by a word or a look both character and biography are revealed. Jean is walking to church, and on being accosted, almost intones the following: "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca."

The enormous success of *The Little Minister* was followed by sixteen years, during which Barrie's career as a dramatist was identified in the popular mind with the clever remodelling of one sensational novel. In 1900 appeared the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy,* called *Tommy and Grizel,* which is perhaps as good as most sequels. *Sentimental Tommy* gave evidence of inspiration. *Tommy and*

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Grizel of perspiration. After he had cleansed his bosom of this perilous stuff, he made the year 1903 memorable by producing three original plays, *Little Mary,* a farce; *Quality Street,* a light comedy; *The Admirable Crichton,* the greatest English drama of modern times.

I doubt if we shall ever penetrate to the last significance, to the final essence, of this play. Every time I read it there is a new revelation, with a hint of something vastly important not plainly shown. Its philosophy contains a disturbing challenge to the audience, as every good drama should do. Instead of a manufactured puzzle with a trick solution — a common notion of what plays should be — it leaves the spectators unsatisfied. Instead of merely drawing our attention to the characters in the story, it directs imperiously our attention to the structure of society, to life itself. Call it unreal, call it fantastical, if you like; its scenery may be romantic, but its thought is realistic. It is founded on the basal traits in human nature, and on the history of the development of human society. Crichton is a pragmatist; the Truth is that power, not ourselves, which works for efficiency. Nature is his goddess, and the natural life in London may be exactly contrary to the natural life on a desert island. He believes in the only true form of democracy — not the nose-counting method, but a system of representative government, where the best men are chosen not as the agents of the majority that elected them, but as free-minded rulers, who will use their own judgment for the best interests of those less fitted to assume responsibility.

Crichton is a born aristocrat like every superman. His disgust at the counterfeit radicalism of Lord Loam in the early scenes, where an unnatural tea party once a month is forced on the unwilling household above and below stairs, is the natural antagonism of a man who rules below as his Lordship rules above. As soon as the conventions of society disappear before the importunate necessities of nature, we find Crichton not only ruling, but surrounding himself with all the outward signs of majesty, even as the First Consul became the Emperor.

In a very wise book we are told that among those things for which the earth is disquieted, and which it cannot bear, is a servant when he reigneth. The earth presumably means organized society. Many instances of the failure of this experiment occurred in the early days of both the French

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and the Russian revolutions, but when by a single accident, the centuries of human development are swept away, and the complexities of life are transformed into a simple question of existence, service and peerage are seen to be external professions merely, as external as Piccadilly garments; the strongest man comes to the top. It is notable that on the island was only one book; that book was brought there by Crichton, and the dramatist repaid the kindness of the poet who wrote a prologue for his first play, by making this book a volume of Henley's poems.

It is clear that the play is a tragedy, not only for Crichton, but for Lady Mary — yes, perhaps for Lord Loam, when the change from open air, exercise, simple food, to their opposites, brings on some horrible disease of the liver. For the very organization of society, necessary though it be, is contrary to the natural instincts of man. You cannot have your cake and eat it, too, which so many grown-up children are forever trying to accomplish. If it is pleasant to have well-heated-and-lighted houses, opportunities for learning and for pleasure, adequate police protection, so it is decidedly unpleasant to conform every day and every night to the artificial restraints of convention. There is a price for everything and that price must be paid. Crichton knew well enough that it was better for Lady Mary to live in London than on the island, and that in London a reigning servant would be unendurable. Their natural instincts therefore had to be crucified, as natural instincts are every day and everywhere. Remember the stress laid on the word "natural" throughout the play — it is Crichton's touchstone for truth. Their parting is tragic in the extreme. All parting of lovers is tragic. And the reason why this comedy is a tragedy is not because either Crichton or Lady Mary falters at the essential moment, but because the conditions of life make their mutual happiness impossible. They may eventually attain happiness in separation, but never together. The sharp pain of the unspoken farewell may eventually become the fragrance of rosemary. But now these predestined natural lovers part, and awake from a beautiful dream to cold facts.

If we may judge by the newspaper criticism of the London revival of 1919 — which, of course, was immensely successful, for people forget how good Barrie is till they hear him again — a slightly different ending was provided to

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the play. I cannot help doubting this; but if it be true, what were Barrie's reasons? Was it a sop to vociferous democracy, or was it a result of the war, which in real life would have provided another conclusion? For during the war Crichton certainly came to the front, in every sense of that word. Anyhow, if it were changed by the author, we may for once, permissibly doubt his wisdom. The ending in the book is perfect.

> *Lady Mary.* Tell me one thing; you have not lost your courage?
> *Crichton.* No, my lady.
> (*She goes. He turns out the lights.*)

The dramatic critic, A. B. Walkley, protested in *The Times* against changing the flawless close. But either his recollection of the first performance played him false, or else Barrie omitted — as he did elsewhere — some spoken lines when he put the play into the permanent form of print. Mr. Walkley, in his review of the revival, says of Crichton: "He left you with the announcement of his intention of settling down with Tweeny in a little 'pub' in the Harrow Road. This struck the perfect note, the final word of irony." Now in the book, there is no mention of a "pub," nor indeed of any future plan, although of course everyone foresees the marriage of Crichton with the adoring Tweeny. Mr. Walkley continues:

> You don't need to be reminded of the superman. You could do that for yourself. But now the author insists upon superfluously reminding you. The Harrow Road "pub" has been dropped out. Crichton glares at his old island subjects, and they cower with reminiscence. He glares at the formidable Lady Brocklehurst, and she, even she, quails. Lady Mary reminds him of the past, and even a *redintegratio amoris* is hinted at. In short, the author "hedges"—"hedges" against his own old irony, that perfect thing.

The book was printed long after the first stage success, and before the revival criticised by Mr. Walkley. Is it not possible that the revival follows the text, and that either the actors gave a false interpretation, or that the critic missed even more than the "pub"? Let us hope so.

In the cinema version provided for American consumption, I feared that in a land which loves to hear the scream of the eagle, the play would end with the marriage of Lady Mary and Crichton. That error was not committed; in order to explain to the spectators, always eager for sentiment, the impossibility of this union, a lady was introduced who

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had married her chauffeur, with disastrous results. "You see, dear friends, it simply won't do." The final scene takes us to a distant farm in America — where Crichton and Tweeny live happily forever after. This is not a bad guess at what might easily be the sequel to Barrie's play. Back to the land — for a wide western farm is the nearest approach to the conditions of an island.

The film play unfortunately suffered under the Biblical title *Male and Female* — which for that matter might be the title of nine-tenths of the moving pictures—and was marred in the opening scenes by some gratuitous and inexcusable vulgarity. After that the play progressed extremely well; the pictures were admirable, and the story dramatically and skilfully presented. Many have felt that "a protest ought to be made" against putting Barrie on the screen. Personally, under present conditions, I rejoice that it was done, and I hope to see *Peter Pan* and other masterpieces. If we had a repertory company in every town, with the right to produce these plays on the legitimate stage, then it would be unfortunate to present them only in pictures, but, as this drama itself teaches us, the natural instinct of healthy Americans to see good plays is thwarted by a system of theatrical monopoly, and it is better to see Barrie on the screen than not to see him at all. And it is better to see Barrie on the screen than to see almost anything else.

In the year 1904 came *Peter Pan,* and it had a *succès fou.* This is no spring flower, or hothouse plant; it is a hardy perennial, and will delight thousands of spectators after we shall have all made our exit from the planet. It is one of the most profound, original, and universal plays of our epoch. No London Christmas would be complete without it. It is just as appealing in 1920 as it was in 1904, and there is no reason why it should not produce the same effect in 2020. It is the rapture of children, the joy of old age; and it ought to take its place with *Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, The Pied Piper Story, Alice in Wonderland,* and other classics founded on some eternal principle of youth.

At all events, in this play, Barrie created a character, a personality; Peter Pan is an addition to literature and an addition to humanity. He is a real person—already proverbial—and it seems incredible that he can ever be forgotten.

It is curious that there should have ever been any doubt

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as to the audience's reception of the question—*Do you believe in fairies?* Audiences will always respond to an appeal to what is best in them. This question and answer united stage and auditorium, and made every listener present an integral part of the play.

In *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,* not only is every individual character laughed at, but boyhod, girlhood, youth, manhood and womanhood are all enveloped in a sea of mirth. It is a comedy of situation very close to farce; its conventional feature is the complete misunderstanding among the actors, with the audience, in full possession of the truth, enjoying it all. There are times indeed when we feel the intrusion of the regular formula for producing laughter—bewilderment. Yet although it is perhaps the least important of its author's mature work, it is saved from cheapness by its revelations of human nature and by its tenderness. One expects the brother and sister to be absurd; their absurdity helps to make them irresistible; "for aye" is as delightful as "methinks" in *Sentimental Tommy;* but how about Stephen? Are full-grown men so vain as that, so easily made idiotic by gross flattery? They are.

In *Rosalind,* we have a picture of the young Oxford man who is not only the perfect type of the English undergraduate, but with the change of a few words, will represent with equal clearness the type so easily recognized at Yale, Harvard and Princeton. This introduction is an admirable illustration of the author's powers of satire, so different in their quality from the tone of his friend Bernard Shaw. The young man, to use Browning's phrase, is "empty and fine as a swordless sheath," but he is satirized by sympathy, not by scorn. Barrie, looking on the young man, loved him. One feels sure, ten years hence, the boy will be doing a man's work in the world.

For sheer audacity, it would be difficult to parallel the opening of *What Every Woman Knows* (1908). The curtain rises and not a word is spoken for seven minutes. To conceive and to insist on such a situation is an indication of how much confidence the playwright had in himself, and in his audience. His confidence was justified, though it would be foolhardy for another to imitate it.

In the beginning of this play, one sees that the author's silences are as impressive as his dialogue—in fact, it is dialogue, a kind of song without words. Silence is used for

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comedy, as Maeterlinck used it for tragedy. The two men at the dambrod, the alternation of triumph and despair, were greeted by the audience with every indication of joyful recognition; and at the pat moment, in walks David, and removes his boots. You can hear the clock ticking, and when the silence is finally broken by David's voice, not one guess in a million would have predicted what the granite-like Scot would say—it is a quotation from Tennyson's *Maud!*

This is one of the masterpieces, in the same class with *The Admirable Crichton* and *Dear Brutus.* The construction of the piece is as near perfection as the human mind can make it; the unexpected happens in every scene, just as it does in history. The surface caprices and quiddities of human nature are all accurately charted, and the depths of passion—love, jealousy, ambition—are revealed. If the dramatist had written only this play, we should know that he was a man of genius. No amount of toil can turn out work like this; it is sheer revelation; it is, as Turgenev wrote to Tolstoi, a gift coming from that source whence come all things.

I think the critic of the Literary Supplement of the *London Times* is mistaken in finding this play cruel and depressing; "we are shut up in a cage of makeshift, of a clear-sighted, tolerant despair." He finds a "clear cruelty, a strong hint of sneering." A play where a lost soul is redeemed by the laughter of love, a play where love triumphs over the forces of evil can hardly be characterized in such terms. Tragedy is there in plenty; but a woman's wit puts it to flight.

It is possible that if Ibsen had never written *A Doll's House,* Barrie would not have written *The Twelve Pound Look* (1910). It certainly harks back to the great Norwegian, only there is an improvement even on that master of economy, for the whole story is squeezed (as Henry James would have said) into one act. It has the depth of Ibsen without his grimness, and a whole life history is revealed in fifteen minutes. It is the tragedy of failure in success; the husband, identified by Barrie with every man in the audience, had a complacency that literally made his lawful spouse run for her life. There was not the faintest spark of an adventure about such a domestic existence—

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> We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
> Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

Nora slammed the door, in order that the audience might hear it; and she did this at the last moment of the play. Kate slipped out quietly many years before the rise of the curtain; and her subsequent adventures, together with the slow poisoning of her successor, form a sequel to *The Doll's House.* The combination of Ibsen and Barrie (at their best) is a delight to gods and men.

A reason why Barrie wrote it in one act, is because he could not bear to have the logical sequence interrupted. I have often wished at good plays that there might be no intermissions. Who wants to leave the room at an exciting moment? These between-the-acts are as acute a nuisance as the persons who stood between the sunshine and Diogenes.

In 1913 appeared *The Legend of Leonora,* not the greatest but in some ways the most original of all its author's productions. This is one of my favourite plays, although it was coldly received by both English and American critics. To omit this comedy from Barrie's works would be a visible subtraction; it is unlike any of the others both in the humour of character and in the humour of situation. Instead of dramatizing action and conversation, he has dramatized *motives and impulses*—which in organized society cannot possibly come to fruition.

In *The Legend of Leonora,* we have two ideas presented; one, that no individual can be described by a formula; on different days in the life of the same person, that person may behave as irregularly and inconsistently as the weather.

The second idea, on which the comedy is really founded, is the dramatisation of *impulse* instead of the representation of action. Leonora's little girl had a cold, just a snuffly cold; and when the lady requested the gentleman to close the train-window, and he rudely refused, she killed him. So far from attempting to excuse herself, or to pretend that it was an accident, she insists that she meant to kill him, and is glad she did. "Can't you understand? My little girl had a cold and the man wouldn't shut the window." It is not she who is crazy, but everyone else! Now of course a woman travelling with a sick child would not kill a man who refused to shut a window; but she would want to. The same dramatisation of motive and impulse appears in the trial

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scene. One critic showed a misconception of this, saying that he thought it a poor burlesque. It is not a burlesque at all. The prisoner is beautiful, centripetally attractive; the judge, the prosecuting attorney, the jury show her every attention, vying with one another in claiming her notice; when the jury retire, they soon send in a message, requesting the prisoner's company during their deliberations. Now none of these things could possibly happen in a court of law; the judge and prosecuting attorney would not flatter the prisoner, nor would the jury request her presence; but if the prisoner were radiantly beautiful, this is exactly what every man of them would want to do. She gladly accedes to the wish of the jury and enters their room carrying an enormous bouquet; when she returns, she has almost nothing of it left; but when the jury appear, everyone of them has a flower in his buttonhole.

Human nature may be faithfully and truthfully represented in unnatural speech and in unnatural conduct, and this is what Barrie has done. Such at all events is my understanding of the play, as I give it remembering the happy day I saw it on the stage. I eagerly await its appearance in print, whether or not my impression will be confirmed.

In *A Kiss for Cinderella* (1916) we have one of the lesser plays, but for all that a thing of beauty. Here he returns to favourite ground, representing life through the imagination of an elementary mind. The old charwoman attends the royal function, where the king and queen are sitting in rocking-chairs and eating ice-cream cones. Lord Times is even higher, as the Quiet was above Setebos. This play indicates that the tenderness in the author's heart cannot be killed by circumstances; in the scene where the charwoman is taking care of the babies, one of them happens to be German. "Some one had to look after it!" In her poverty and in her charity is there not a rebuke both to those who had much and gave little and to those who foamed at the mouth with indiscriminate hate?

The World War naturally appears in the dramas written between 1914 and 1918. Our author has the distinction of having written the worst and the best war-play—I refer to *Der Tag* and to *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.*

The greatest play produced by the war is *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals.* It is a tragedy, as every war-play should be. Just as he takes the ordinary themes of the the-

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atre in times of peace, and creates something permanent and beautiful, so he takes the universal theme of the war, and shows how its tragedy reaches down into the humblest lives. No Oxford or Cambridge here; we have only charwomen, who preserve social distinctions with more rigidity than prevails in Mayfair. (A favourite theme with Barrie; remember Crichton below stairs. The last persons who will ever accept democracy are the servants.) "Altogether, she is of a very different social status from one who, like Mrs. Haggerty, is a charwoman but nothing else." The entire play takes place under ground, like Gorki's *Night Asylum,* which in other respects it does not resemble! We shall see that the basement will be illuminated by Love, like that wonderful subterranean home of Tolstoi's shoemaker.

Four of them are having tea, with Mrs. Dowey as hostess. "There is no intention on their part to consider peace terms until a decisive victory has been gained in the field (Sarah Ann Dowey), until the Kaiser is put to the right-about (Emma Mickleham), and singing very small (Amelia Twymley)." Their pride in having sons at the front, in owning war savings certificates, in being bitter-enders, is precisely like that of their sisters in Park Lane. Across every title-page of Barrie's books might be written, "Human nature is always and everywhere the same."

Mrs. Dowey's conquest of her hypothetical son cannot possibly be described; only Barrie, with his insight born of divine sympathy, could have imagined it. The big, rough "chunk of Scotland," bursting with vitality, leaves her for the front, as his time is up; we hear him in the street; "that is he laughing coarsely with Dixon." In the last scene not a word is spoken. Kenneth has been killed. The "old lady" is in her working-clothes, about to start off for her day's toil. But before going, she shows her medals.

It is, like all Barrie's plays, like the story of every human life, a tragi-comedy. The early scenes arouse inextinguishable laughter; in the last act, the ordinary relation of audience to stage is reversed. Instead of noise on the stage and silence in the auditorium, the solitary woman moved about in absolute stillness while unrestrained sobbing is heard all over the house.

The heroine is a charwoman, elevated to a vertiginous height by solemn pride.

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The latest play to fall within the scope of this essay (how happy I am that I cannot make it complete) is *Dear Brutus,* which had its first regular American performance in New York, 23 December, 1918, and ran until the closing of the theatre in hot weather. The title of course is taken from the speech of Cassius in *Julius Caesar:*

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

But I think the germ of the play and its main idea are to be found in *The Admirable Crichton,* in one of the stage directions of the third act: the slacker Ernest, transformed in appearance by Crichton's discipline, appears hard at work, and here is the comment by the dramatist:

We should say that he is Ernest *completely changed if we were of those who hold that people change.*

That people do not change is the law of which this drama is a brilliant illustration and like all rules it is proved by its exceptions. All the persons of the play have, by the magical agency of Lob (see *Midsummer Night's Dream*), a second chance; and although their circumstances are different, their characters are the same. With one exception. The artist and his wife, at the close of the play, seek out a new and better existence, because they have passed through a spiritual revolution. The fault then really is in ourselves, and Barrie is true to the Shakespearean quotation. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would be the same, even if they had their heart's desire—an opportunity to try again; but there is the hundredth man. The play is disheartening when we think of the average person; but inspiring when we think of the possibilities of human nature. The one hope of the world is not that human nature will change, for it never will. The hope lies in the possibility of controlling human instincts, in the coming of that time when man's energy, conscience, reason, and will power will control his passions, rather than being their obedient servants.

Nothing could surpass, it would seem, the skill in construction shown in this comedy. But in *Dear Brutus,* as in *The Admirable Crichton,* in *What Every Woman Knows,* and in all Barrie's plays, the last act crowns the work.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO BEETHOVEN—STRAUSS AND THE MUSIC OF DEATH

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT IS one hundred and fifty years since Ludwig von Beethoven was born, and we are all saluting the Great Wraith in memory of December 16, 1770. So let us meditate here concerning him.

Was Beethoven ever more persuasive than as a tonal celebrant of the natural world? For a giant of art, an authentic master of expression, his range was amazingly limited. He could do wondrous things with that titanic voice of his—he could be a prophet, a revealer of mysteries; and he could sing with the morning stars in their exalted hours. But he could not express the intenser phases of human emotion—his music lacks flame, lacks sensuous warmth, lacks radiance. Nor had he the power of shaking and tearing the heart through tragic speech, as it is shaken and torn in page after page of Wagner. And he was no swift-winged, iridescent fantaisiste—no "bold foot along the verges of percipitous dream."

But how moving, how immortally memorable he is as a poet of Nature! Perhaps, here, he is most lovable, most treasurous. For Beethoven, the Return to Nature was no deliberately romantic sophistication. To his devout and passionate spirit, it was a resort as spontaneous and naïve and profound as the inclination of the mediæval mystic's soul toward God. He sincerely and piously believed, as we have elsewhere noted, that wisdom broods upon the hills and in the long forest aisles; that sustenance for the heart can be garnered from sunlight and free winds, and spiritual peace drunk from quiet valleys as from a divinely proffered cup. He would have understood that ecstatically confident cry of a Celtic dreamer of today: "Death will

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never find us in the heart of the wood!" To his mind, as to Lafcadio Hearn's, had come the thought that illumination of a transcendent kind was yielded "by the mere common green of the world." For Beethoven, there were confirmations and reinforcements in that murmuring and timeless mystery that engrossed the meditations of Hearn: "the ghostliness that seeks expression in this universal green—the mystery of that which multiplies, forever issuing out of that which multiplies not. Or is the seeming lifeless itself life—only a life more silent still, more hidden?"

Beethoven copied from his beloved and much-thumbed volume of Sturm's *Lehr und Erbauungs Buch* this passage: "One might rightly denominate Nature the school of the heart; she clearly shows us our duties towards God and our neighbor. Hence, I wish to become a disciple of this school and to offer Him my heart. Desirous of instruction, I would seek after that wisdom which no disillusionment can confute; I would gain a knowledge of God, and through this knowledge I shall obtain a foretaste of celestial felicity." Beethoven himself wrote to the Baroness Droszdick that he was convinced of the fact that "no one loves country life as I do. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute enquiries and respond to them." A dozen years before his death he exclaimed: "Almighty God, in the woods I am blessed. Happy every one in the woods. Every tree speaks through Thee. O God! What glory in the woodland! On the heights is peace—peace to serve Him." Sir George Grove records a tradition that Beethoven refused to take possession of an engaged lodging because there were no trees near the house. "How is this? Where are your trees?"—"We have none."—"Then the house won't do for me. I love a tree more than a man." Charles Neate, the British musician who knew Beethoven, told Thayer, the master's admirable biographer, that Nature was "his [Beethoven's] nourishment."

It is extraordinary, in view of Beethoven's passion for natural beauty, that he should have left us, as Sir George Grove remarks, no music exhibiting any avowed connection with Nature but the Pastoral Symphony—whatever other pieces "may have been inspired by the country." M. Vincent d'Indy has confidently determined which among Beethoven's other works "tell us of his impressions

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face to face with Nature." He lists these works as follows: "First of all, according to date, the charming sonata for piano, Op. 28 (entitled "Pastoral" in some editions).[1] This work . . . seems like the avowal to fields and forests of a moment of calm happiness, at the dawn of his love for 'la Damigella Contessa Giulietta di Guicciardi.' Then come the sonatas Op. 30, No. 3 (for violin) and Op. 31, No. 3 (for piano); the admirable sonata in C major, Op. 53 (*Waldstein*); then three movements out of four in the seventh quartet, and the . . . Seventh and Eighth Symphonies; finally, the superb tenth sonata for violin, Op. 96, in its entirety; without taking account of the rustic dances, the finales of the trios, Op. 70, No. 2, and Op. 97, or the pastoral entr'acte in *Egmont*."

M. d'Indy calls the *Waldstein* Sonata "eminently pastoral"; he regards the Seventh Symphony as "a pastoral symphony pure and simple"; and the Eighth Symphony, he thinks, "evidently retraces impressions received from Nature." In the first movement of the sonata for violin and piano in G major, Op. 96, "one already feels the caresses of a soft breeze." The adagio is "a revery on a wooded slope which would be a fitting pendant to that 'on the bank of a brook.'" In the scherzo, M. d'Indy, whose second sight is most enviable, perceives Beethoven "lying in a meadow, or maybe perched in a tree," noting a dance of country folk.

Of course there is no limit to such speculations; but if any one but M. d'Indy had written these passages, we might be tempted to call them sentimental and amateurish; but since M. d'Indy is a profound scholar, an accomplished essayist, and one of the first musicians of our time, we shall probably have to let him get away with it.

Beethoven composed the Pastoral Symphony in the summer of 1808, in what were then the wooded environs of Vienna. Into this music he poured his delight in the wonder of the created earth. Back of its charming and ingenuous picturing of rural scenes and incidents and encounters—its brookside idyls, its merrymaking and thunder-storms and shepherd's hymns; back of the element of profound emotional speech connoted by Beethoven's slightly self-

[1] The *Sonata Pastorale*, Op. 28, as Sir George Grove points out, did not get its name from Beethoven or with his consent. "It was so-called by a publisher, probably because the last movement recalls the 6-8 sequences which were formerly supposed to represent the music of shepherds."

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righteous deprecation about his music being "more an expression of feeling than portraiture"—back of all these more evident aspects, rises the image of a poet transfixed by the immortal spectacle, and recording his awe and tenderness in songs that cannot help being canticles of praise. And as you listen to this lovely and jocund music, full of sincerity and candor and sweet gravity, you may recall the folk-tale of the old man who could always be found at sunrise looking seaward through the dusk of the woods, with his white locks blowing in the wind that rose out of the dawn; and who, being asked why he was not at his prayers, replied: "Every morning like this I take off my hat to the beauty of the world."

Richard Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration* was played in New York at the opening concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Bodanzky's direction; and we have just heard it again from the superb Philadelphia band, under Leopold Stokowski's necromantic bâton. In both instances, Nature remained unperturbed by this recrudescence of German music composed a quarter of a century before the War, and indubitably representative audiences heard the work with quiet and absorbed attention, keeping their bombs (if they brought any to hurl at the orchestra) in their pockets or under the seats. Perhaps they were instructed by the example of the musical public of London, which had welcomed this same score of Strauss' back to the English concert-stage eight months before.

In New York, at the National Symphony concert, the music made, as it used to make, a profound impression. When *Death and Transfiguration* was performed for the first time in London, twenty-three years ago, it was heard with unmitigated rage by the exhilarating John F. Runciman (may Allah give him peace!), who swore that "here indeed is the music of the future—the very far future." If ever, he declared, "this kind of music becomes acceptable to the people at large, then may I not be here to see and hear." Well, he is not, alas, "here to see and hear"—Mr. Runciman, a writer of uncommon force and imagination, savagely honest, died in 1916, to the serious loss of the art of criticism. Meanwhile, "this kind of music" has, it is vividly obvious, become "acceptable to the people at large." It has even passed beyond that point, and now seems as old-

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fashioned as Liszt or Tchaikovsky. Yet it persuades and enchains, at its best, with undiminished power. Some of it has faded; but it still has many moments of overwhelming poignancy, and one or two summits of extraordinary beauty and transfixing pathos.

The poet, said Henry James in his wonderful Preface to *The Wings of the Dove,* "essentially *can't* be concerned with the act of dying. Let him deal with the sickest of the sick, it is still by the act of living that they appeal to him, and appeal the more as the conditions plot against them and prescribe the battle. The process of life gives way fighting, and often may so shine out on the lost ground as in no other connexion. . . ."

Perhaps Mr. James was over-confident; for certainly the tone-poet of *Death and Transfiguration* is concerned, essentially and unequivocally, with "the act of dying." But Mr. James, who probably perceived only at rare intervals —if at all—that a musician might be a poet (for he seems to have had little concern with that art which most men of letters regard chiefly as a relaxing background for a demi-tasse), has nevertheless, despite his somewhat dogmatic quibble, unconsciously portrayed the spiritual substance of Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration.*

In the old, forgotten, far-off days when we were all discovering Richard Strauss, and either canonizing him or hanging him as high as Haman, Mr. James Huneker, for whom Strauss provided an incomparable excuse for the contrivance of ingenious and subtle prose-rhythms, declared that *Death and Transfiguration* "gives us *in esse* all the overpowering qualities of Strauss. . . . He has never surpassed the plangency of coloring, the melting sweetness, of this score."

Perhaps that needs, today, no revision. Perhaps, listening to certain moments that this music yields, one can still say over to oneself, without an embarrassing awareness of disparity, those seven words of English verse in which are marvellously concentrated all the pathos and majesty of death:

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

HAVING recently been engaged in a great war the purport of which was widely interpreted as being to make the world safe for democracy, the United States has now in a great and solemn referendum declared itself to be safe for democracy. This, we surmise, will be the ultimate judgment of history upon the Presidential election of 1920. The result of that contest was, as will doubtless be more clearly perceived when lapse of time provides a better proportioned perspective, a double vindication of American democracy, against the dual menace of autocracy and internationalism. In that respect it was unique, in degree, certainly, if not in kind; though we should say that it was in both. We have had measurably autocratic Executives before the present, and we have had international issues injected into domestic politics. But never before were the two influences combined for such a purpose. Never before was a formidable and deliberate attempt made to transform, by ostensible constitutional means, the genius of our Government and the status of the Nation. The only such attempt, comparable though vastly different, was undertaken sixty years ago by extra-constitutional and forcible means. It is cause for devout gratitude that this latest—and, we may confidently hope, last—attack upon American integrity was defeated no less decisively than the former one. A close contest, with the result nearly evenly balanced, would have been regrettable and menacing in the extreme. The unprecedentedly overwhelming result which was in fact achieved was indisputable and unappealable.

The issuance of a court decree in the case of the prolonged strike in the Boston shoe trade has, of course, provoked revival of the patter against "government by injunction." Such clamor is ill-founded, since the injunctions are not

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legislation but only the means of enforcing legislation; and accordingly those who object to them are really opposing the enforcement of the laws. It is illuminating to observe against what the injunction in this case is directed. It forbids intimidation of men who want to work. It forbids even attempted persuasion of men to quit work or to refrain from work when the men themselves object to being thus addressed. It forbids all attempts to induce men to break contracts. It forbids men from interfering in any way with other men's legitimate business. To such inhibitions it is difficult to see how any just and law-abiding man can take exception, seeing how manifestly and offensively illegal are the things forbidden. The injunction, it is true, goes further than that, and forbids the payment of strike benefits to the strikers by the labor unions. That is probably the most extreme action ever taken in injunction proceedings. It is defensible, however, on the ground that the strike itself is for an illegal purpose, and that therefore all measures for the support and promotion of it are illegal. The strike is aimed against the "open shop." It aims to prevent men from working unless they join a certain Union; and the means of such prevention are notoriously identical with the practices which this writ enjoins, namely, intimidation, annoyance, contract-breaking, and interference with other people's business. The logic of the court is that since certain things are illegal, anything intended to promote the practice of them is also illegal.

The fifth quinquennial election to the Hall of Fame at New York University has resulted in the choice of a smaller number of names than any of its predecessors. The first chose twenty-nine names, the second eight, the third ten, and the fourth nine, while the fifth has added only seven to the illustrious roll. It is quite natural that the number should thus diminish, or at any rate that the task of selection should become more difficult with each succeeding lustrum. What is essential is, however, that the elections, whether few or many, shall continue to be as indisputably fit as they have thus far invariably been. There are millions of people, probably, who would like to have names placed in the Hall which are not yet there; names which they think ought to be there. But it would be difficult, we imagine, to find a corporal's guard of intelligent persons who would like to

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see stricken out a single name that has been placed there, or who think that a single name has been unworthily chosen. That same supreme test will be successfully passed by the seven names just chosen:

Samuel Langhorne Clemens;
James B. Eads;
Patrick Henry;
William G. T. Morton;
Alice Freeman Palmer;
Augustus Saint-Gaudens;
Roger Williams.

The list spans the history of America, from the early colonies to our own time. It is geographically diversified, though the predominance of those born in or associated with New England continues, as hitherto, to be conspicuous. It is finely representative of nearly all important departments of human interest—an author, a theologian, a jurist and statesman, an artist, an educator, a scientist, and an industrial engineer. And it is at once suggestive of the memorable services which Americans have rendered to the world, and of the intelligence and discrimination with which our present generation regards the eminent men and women of the past.

The Cuban Presidential election, which preceded our own by a single day, strikingly illustrated the changes and reversals to which the politics of that country, as well as of some others, is subject. Dr. Zayas, the eminent jurist and man of letters who was elected President, was the candidate of the Conservative party, of which the present President, General Menocal, is a member, joined with a faction of the Liberal party. But Dr. Zayas was formerly the Liberal Vice-President of Cuba, and Liberal candidate for the Presidency against General Menocal. Also, he was opposed in this campaign by General José Miguel Gomez. But he was Vice-President when Gomez was President, and he was the right-hand aid of Gomez in the revolution against Estrada Palma. Despite his participation in the last-named episode, his career has been far more creditable than that of General Gomez, and gives promise of an enlightened and progressive administration. The interest of the United States in the matter is, of course, confined to

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the maintenance of constitutional order, and the fulfillment of Cuba's treaty obligations, both of which conditions happily appear to be complied with, obviating any need of the intervention which some were so ill-advised as to predict and even to demand in advance of the election.

The partition of the remains of the Turkish Empire among the three Great Powers of Europe is volubly explained to be merely economic, but it would overtax credulity to regard it as anything less than potentially political as well. The civilized world will not be inclined to protest against it, for the result is sure to be for the betterment of conditions in that country and for the advantage of humanity. Nothing in all the history of Turkdom was more welcome than will be the extinction of the last vestige of its power. The interest of the United States in the episode is properly confined to the maintenance of the same principle that we insisted upon in China years ago, namely, an open door and equality of opportunity in commerce. Champions of the League of Nations may be interested, though not altogether to their comfort and satisfaction, to observe that the partition was effected some months ago by means of a secret treaty. They will also be interested in awaiting the registration of that treaty at the Secretariat of the League, and the vindication of it as consistent with the principles of the League. We observe that the three partitioning powers agree to support each other in maintaining their respective positions. Apparently they do not look to the League, not even to Article Ten, for support, but act for all the world like old-fashioned imperialistic Powers upon which the light of the League had never dawned.

The defeat of the prohibitionist propaganda in the greater part of Scotland was not unexpected, but neither was it conclusive. That such a campaign should have been undertaken at all was significant. That a respectable-sized minority of municipalities did, after so short a campaign, vote for prohibition, was unmistakably suggestive. The result will encourage prohibitionists to persist in their efforts and to renew the contest at the next opportunity. Scotland is at once a most unpromising and a most desirable field for temperance reform. Despite the fact that in morals and education it ranks close to the top of the list of the nations

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of the world, in drunkenness it has also an unenviable pre-eminence. There are few great cities in the world in which industry, wealth and culture on the one hand and degradation and debauchery on the other are more strikingly contrasted and commingled than in Glasgow. Whether with their intense individuality and love of personal freedom the Scottish people as a whole will ever assent to absolute prohibition, is questionable. That many of their best thinkers are convinced of the need of some pretty radical reform in popular drinking habits, is not to be doubted.

The plain speaking of several United States Senators concerning the unsatisfactory state of the coal trade seems to be justifiable. Although the wages of miners have been largely increased, a plentiful supply of railroad cars for transportation has been provided, and retail prices are more than twice what they were before the war, there is distressing scarcity of coal in most markets, and New York and other great cities have for some time been on famine rations. It is not to be believed for a moment that there is any satisfactory or sufficient excuse for such a state of affairs, and Senators do well to warn the coal people, operators and miners alike, that a continuance of it will be intolerable, and will certainly provoke some strenuous legislation. We do not concede that government ownership is the proper remedy. There are other means at hand, as New York's dealing with the building and housing problem indicated. There is, however, one thing which the Government might do, which would give measurable and permanent relief. That is, to provide at once for the fullest possible development of water power, for power, light and heating. It is nothing less than a public scandal, and a gross reproach upon the thrift, enterprise and energy of America, that we should every year suffer from scarcity of coal while the equivalent of hundreds of millions of tons of coal yearly is running to waste in our rivers. There are, of course, certain purposes for which coal is practically indispensable. For them our coal supplies should be so far as possible reserved. There are other purposes for which water power is not only equally available, but actually far more desirable. It is a discreditable anomaly for a city to be suffering a coal famine—a famine in power, light and heat—while tens of thousands of horse-power energy are flowing past its borders unutilized.

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The unfortunate differences of opinion between France and Great Britain over the Reparations Commission and the fixing and exacting of the German indemnity, which at one time actually seemed to threaten an estrangement of the two governments, have happily been composed on what is probably a satisfactory basis. The settlement involves a compromise, in which nothing of essential importance has been relinquished. France accedes to the British proposal that Germany shall have a hearing in the matter, but it will apparently be a hearing and nothing more. The French contention will prevail, that the Reparations Commission shall be deprived of none of its power, but shall—after listening to the German whinings—fix the amount of the indemnity and also, we assume, the manner of its payment, which will probably mean the method by which Germany is to be compelled to pay it. As the day of accounting draws near, German pleas of poverty and impending bankruptcy increase and multiply, with an access of unctuous hypocrisy. At the same time reports of German business corporations show increasing prosperity and dividends which many American concerns might envy. Of Germany's prosperous condition and her ability to pay a substantial indemnity, there can be no reasonable doubt. Happily, the determination of France to compel her to pay shows no diminution nor shadow of turning. There is regrettable delay in the process; but Nemesis was leaden-footed.

The Japanese census which has just been taken is described as the first accurate enumeration of the people that the Empire has ever had. Former censuses, we are told, were based on statistics of the local registry offices, "which have been shown to be most inaccurate." But it seems to us that precisely the reverse of the latter statement is indicated, namely, that this first real census remarkably vindicates the accuracy of those former enumerations. Thus we are told that the census shows the population of the Empire, excluding Korea, to be not the 70,000,000 which had been hoped and boasted, but only about 58,000,000. Now those former enumerations, which were taken quadrennially, reported the population of Japan proper to be 40,718,677 in 1891, and to have risen at a pretty uniform rate to 48,774,285 in 1907. The rate of increase was thus

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about 1.23 per cent a year. Reckoning an increase at that rate upon the figures given for 1907, we have something like 56,400,000 for 1920. If to that we add say 3,500,000 for Formosa, and deduct 1,500,000 for the extraordinary losses from pestilence and other causes which the Empire has suffered, we have 58,400,000, or practically the same as the result of the census. Now although this number is said to be disappointingly small, in the minds of many, it must be borne in mind that it means a density of population approximating 400 to the square mile, or greater than that of any State in this Union save only Massachusetts and Rhode Island. While, therefore, the total number may not be regarded as suggesting any considerable surplus for emigration, the density of the population does strongly suggest the need of relief. Doubtless the figures will be carefully studied by Japanese statesmen in considering their future regulation of emigration, to America or elsewhere.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

IDLING IN ITALY. By Joseph Collins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

What ever possessed the author (or more probably the publishers) of this book of virile criticism upon literature and life to call it *Idling in Italy* is one of the mysteries of book-making. The fact is that the book is not in any way the production of an idler, but obviously that of a hard thinker who has a knack of expression. The reader questions whether Dr. Collins has ever permitted himself an idle moment. To dream is human; to judge is godlike. Dr. Collins dreams a little now and then in this volume, but his reveries are always cut short and are immediately criticized by reason. The author does not possess the art of loafing; he is no accomplished *flaneur,* such as, for example, E. V. Lucas. He cannot conceal from the reader the fact that his thought is habitually consecutive and purposeful, and that he is a little troubled whenever he feels that his consideration of a subject has been noticeably incomplete. He is at no pains to mask his determination to say what he means and to mean what he says. The reader gets from the volume ideas, not suggestions; stimulus, not charm. He who picks up the book to be lulled, may lay it down sleepless or enraged. It is a real book, not a piece of literary exquisiteness or a series of agreeable conversational discourses.

Professional men ought to write books, because a profession gives one a point of view, a method, and an intellectual conscience. Those who produce literature should as a rule know something besides literature and should have more than a merely literary grasp upon life and its problems. De Quincey, the type of pure man of letters, has been called a mere "stylistic ghost"; Macaulay, who was something of a politician, is still read occasionally for what he had to say. William James, a psychologist, has written books in all senses literary and more generally read than most purely literary productions. Henry Arthur Jones, a playwright, has written excellent essays, more effective, perhaps, in striking at British complacency, than the speculations and satires of H. G. Wells. One does not wish to hold a brief for the "medicated novel"; but a little medication would not hurt some recent novels; and similarly, a little legality would not hurt some books upon world politics. It is rather an encouraging sign of the times that so many books in these days are written by men who know one thing thoroughly and many things well. Mr. Beck's book on German responsibility for the war, Mr. Kahn's book on our economic problems, may be mentioned as illustrations of what the professional man of broad culture may do in literature.

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It may be said in passing that literature with the professional man should not be merely a hobby: it should have a large purpose. Purposeful thinking from men trained to think is what the world needs just now. The lawyer should not discuss at tedious length the question whether Bacon, after all, did write the plays attributed to Shakespeare or the problems relative to the early history of Schoharie County; business men will not do their best work by writing of hunting and fishing in the North Woods, or by describing their trips to Europe, or by contributing something to the current knowledge of the various types of firearms used in the history of the United States.

Of all the professions outside letters, the law seems the most literary. But the law is logic and codified common sense; it has no speculative field, and whatever liberties the judge may allow himself in the way of *obiter dicta,* he is liable to feel in his literary output a certain dryness and lack of artistic completeness. The usual release of the judicial mind seems to be by way of Shakespeare; as a class, lawyers quote Shakespeare oftener and with less literary appropriateness than do the members of any other profession—but this is a little beside the mark. The point is that from a lawyer one may properly expect that excellent, balanced, logical judgment which the law requires—but not, in general, speculation or a display of many-sidedness. The man of medicine, however, especially if he be a neurologist, like Dr. Collins, needs to understand how his patients feel and think, to have a flair for character and temperament. He may also be given to speculation in his leisure hours; for the things he studies are mysteries in their essential nature—whereas, in the law, either a thing is so or it isn't.

All of which is beautifully illustrated by a comparison, in one point, between Dr. Collins's *Idling in Italy* and a recent book by James M. Beck, author of *The Evidence in the Case.* It happens that a considerable amount of space is devoted in both these books to the personality and character of President Wilson. Dr. Collins's characterization of the present Chief Executive as a man with "the mind of Jove, and the heart of a batrachian," is in a way to become classic. Mr. Beck, however, takes issue with it. "Far from having the soul of a batrachian," he writes, "he [Mr. Wilson] is a man of the same mould as all of us. He has eyes, a tongue, affections, dimensions, passions. He is not more selfish than most of the public men of our past history. A pure, unselfish spirit, like those of Washington and Lincoln, is rare indeed. For the rest, nearly all the men who have been distinguished in the annals of the United States have been men who pursued the policy of personal success. He only differs from them in his remorseless indifference to the conventions of democracy." Mr. Beck ends by comparing the President to Malvolio—"You are sick of self-love, Malvolio."

On the whole, the Law and Shakespeare appear to have the better of this controversy. The character of a public man, unlike that of a writer, who exposes himself consciously or unconsciously in his imaginative or autobiographical writings, is better judged by common standards applied with judicial fairness than by the methods of psycho-analysis. Psycho-analysis may add something—it has given us in this case a vivid impression, something far more thought-provoking than the ordinary *literary* impression—but the final court of appeal is trained common sense.

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It is unfair, however, to lay, for better or worse, too much stress upon this one feature of Dr. Collins's book. In dealing with Italian literature and with problems of literature and conduct generally, the author's diagnostic skill, his professional conscience, his intellectual versatility, his aesthetic appreciation as a critic, his tolerance as a man of the world, enable him to write sensibly and charmingly, and lead him to draw sound and often striking conclusions. His reasoning, perhaps, lacks the iron rigidity of Mr. Beck's; but it is meant to convince, and mainly it does. Dr. Collins has written a book of straightforward, intelligible criticism, seasoned with wit; manly and outspoken, though never presumptuous.

It is amazing that any one should have been able to treat of modern Italian authors so encyclopaedically, and yet to say so many distinct and humanly convincing things about each. One likes a plain, frank verdict or summing up, with a little personal flavor, or perhaps a little professional bias (not unfairness) after one has listened to an ingenious and impartial literary discussion. Thus, one is genuinely grateful to Dr. Collins for what he says of D'Annunzio: "He is the true decadent of the nineteenth-century literature, to whom the decadent French symbolists cannot hold a candle." Equally understandable and penetrating is his remark about the most prominent figure among the Italian Futurists: "Signor Marinetti . . . is the most amusing writer in Italy. His idea of beauty is a massive building of concrete in course of construction with the scaffoldings lovingly embracing it. His idea of ugliness is a curve of any kind—save in the feminine body. . . . Signor Marinetti has no delusions of grandeur; he only pretends that he has."

Of another prominent writer, professional acumen and a professional habit of putting truth before sympathy or aesthetics lead Dr. Collins to say: "No one unfamiliar with that strange disorder called the manic depressive psychosis can fully understand Signor Papini." We know how disgusting and how unpopular Nordau made this kind of criticism, how he used it to enforce literary distastes of his own, how he included Swinburne and Maeterlinck among the babblers, the insane scribblers, the people of twilight intelligence. There is nothing of this in the writings of Dr. Collins: he is too wise a man to ride a scientific hobby, and too just and too appreciative to treat people who are doing considerable things in the world as if they were, or ought to be, simply inmates in a private sanatorium. In him, professional, psychological criticism is agreeable, worth while, and not too prevalent. He deals interestingly and sympathetically with "decadents," "radicals," queer people generally—seeing in them something more than crankiness, infantilism, or megalomania. We seldom get such criticism from the purely literary critics, who too often would be afflicted with a kind of holy horror at the thought of approaching an aesthetic question from the standpoint of an alienist. From the alienists we generally get nothing but morbid psychology. Dr. Collins tries to give us that many-sided view which is the best substitute for the simple truth when the latter is not obtainable.

Some of the best things in the book are the general remarks that one finds by the way. They are the considered, but not too carefully hedged, sayings of a man who does not permit himself to generalize over

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much. For example: "It is idle to deny that the pitch of man's thought to-day is materialistic, though his unconscious mind is steeped in the mystic." This is something like a brief diagnosis of the modern mentality. Comparing nations is a pastime that generally tends to banality, if not to irresponsible epigram, but the following remark about Italy as compared with the United States is both amusing and sensible: "Italy of to-day is a very new country. Whenever we as a nation do something which the Italians consider gauche or raw, and they are obliged to dislocate an inherent politeness by mention of it, they excuse us because we are so young. So one excuses an infant for some verbal or conductual infraction. In reality, we are about a century older than Italy of to-day, and we have spent that time developing a 'manner' that reflects our protracted habituation to freedom." Here, too, is something better worth saying about the recent literary output of Italy than can generally be said about the modern literature of any nation as a whole: "Were I obliged to characterize the fictional output of Italy during the past few years, I should say that it was imaginatively sterile and emotionally fecund." With these significant sayings—sayings that let in a good deal of light in a few words—one may classify, as similar in quality, the whole of the author's careful, non-laudatory study of the philosopher Samuel Butler.

THE MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY. By Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The economic sections of the treaty had nothing directly to do with the Fourteen Points, except as these points provided for restoration, and "restoration" was promptly interpreted to mean the payment of damages. Reparation had nothing to do with the covenant of the League of Nations. Consequently it was possible to discuss these matters without becoming involved in theoretic dubieties. Nevertheless, the framing of the economic sections was about as difficult a task as the treaty-makers had to undertake, even though here there was no principle of self-determination to be equitably applied. Hate had been aroused; claims conflicted.

In ancient times if a people had offended the world, or Alexander, or the Roman Empire, as Germany has offended, the solution would have been simple. *Delenda est Carthago!* Cato's formula was logical. But nowadays no one contemplates the destruction, root and branch, of a whole people. And so, strangely, it has been found difficult to punish the Germans adequately, or even to assess the damages. Perhaps, after all, we ought to have marched to Berlin.

How much can Germany pay? That is the question on which all turns. For instance, the question whether the bill should be presented for war costs or simply for damages depends on this. If the sum that Germany can pay, as determined by a calculation of her resources, is limited, then the inclusion of the larger item of war costs would simply alter the ratio of payment to the various Allied nations, with the result that those who needed most would perhaps receive the smallest proportion. Again, it has been pointed out that the imposition of a huge indemnity might work badly in another way. If Germany were

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granted no facilities for development, then very simply and obviously she could not pay; but if the Allies forced Germany to become the workshop of the world, why, the workshop of the world she would be, with no great permanent advantage to her late enemies.

Mr. Baruch's discussion is very clear and detailed on all such matters. Take, for example, the coal question. "There is a great fallacy prevailing," he says, "as to the production and distribution of raw materials in the world. Only in time of war or blockade are the location and ownership of coal or other raw materials important. . . . It will be found that the French who demanded and the Germans who objected to the coal clauses were unnecessarily alarmed. When normality in production of coal in Germany and Europe returns, the producer will find the most available market for coal where it had previously existed. This will take place only when that section of Europe containing coal gets back to work."

The fundamental difficulty of the whole problem is the fixing of the total. "No one knew how much Germany owed. No one now knows how much Germany owes. No one knew how much Germany could pay. No one now knows how much Germany can pay." The amounts discussed ranged from $8,000,000,000 to $120,000,000,000. Under these circumstances the American delegation seems to have been right in contending for the necessity of determining the amount by some sort of definite calculation that would give a sum within reason. The intensity of feeling that the question aroused made this difficult.

Mr. Baruch is convinced that, in view of all the difficulties, the economic problems of the treaty were solved as well as was humanly possible. The treaty, he points out, was not perfected with its signing; the signing was just the beginning of a process. The worth of the treaty will lie in the spirit in which it is carried out. However this may be, the author has given a valuable account of the matter; clear, dispassionate, uninvolved. His contentions gain in force through the strictness with which he keeps within the field that he has marked out for himself. There is no turning aside to discuss personalities or non-economic policies, or national aspirations, or international ethics. The book contains in its appendices much material for independent study of the economic sections of the treaty.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW FREEDOM. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

For once in these later years a Latin quotation on the title page of a book is appropriate—and it is a quotation from the not much quoted Ennius—

> Firm based upon its principles and men
> Standeth the Roman State——

as a famous translation has it. This expresses the spirit and aspiration of the whole of Mr. Beck's book.

The New Freedom is, of course, Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom." It is the freedom which means a dangerous relaxation of those prin-

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ciples on which this nation was founded, the casting of principles into the alchemist's melting pot, whence they are to emerge as a purified but vague idealism.

With clear application to fact, Mr. Beck expounds the six great principles of our Constitution, the principles of the old freedom, which, he maintains, constitute "the great contribution of its framers to the ordered progress of mankind." All, or nearly all, these principles have been gradually undermined, the process having begun in pre-Wilsonian times. "The principle of home rule has been subverted by a steady submergence of the States, which has now made of them little more than glorified police provinces. . . . The independence of the judiciary is menaced by many provisions for the recall of both judges and judicial decisions. . . . The Fifth and Fifteenth Amendments have largely broken down as bulwarks against confiscatory legislation." However old-fashioned and reactionary such a view may seem, the truth is that we ought to go back to the ideals of the Fathers —those ideals which conserved "the worth and dignity of the human soul, the free competition of man and man, the nobility of labor, the right to work, free from the tyranny of state or class." At least, one may say, we ought to go back to these until we have found some better substitute for them than has as yet been proposed.

No one has stated his political credo more concisely, elegantly, and adequately than has Mr. Beck. Frankly, he would test all political propositions by it. The advantage of testing all thinking by clearly defined principles is obviously as great from a pragmatic point of view as the disadvantage of guiding conduct by ideals and tendencies, however lofty or "irresistible," is clear to the practical man of affairs.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Beck's book, however, is not its political philosophy, but the literary quality of the dialogues regarding the Peace Conference, which are its novel feature. These are really dramatic in so far as, like the plays of the older dramatists, they express aptly and with some approach to verisimilitude, not necessarily or always what a character would *say*, but certainly what he would think and feel. It is true that plausibility is a little strained when President Wilson is made to gloss his own present views with references to his past works; and perhaps the author makes the President speak throughout with a little too much of that candor which Dante, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, was able to extort from some of those great figures whom he met in his round through the Inferno. Still, all this is very skillful—especially the imitation of the Presidential style, with its seeming luminosity and its failure ever quite to get to the point. And all is done with dignity. It is satire, but not of the flagellating kind: rather it is satire proffering (to use a Presidential word) "solemn" advice or remonstrance.

All the great persons of the Conference are, indeed, made to speak in character. The representations of them amount almost to portraits. To Balfour is assigned his proper role—that of critic-philosopher, keen and detached. Lloyd George is seen, brusque, good-humored, tenacious, quick to see an advantage, just as one may justifiably suppose him to be. Then there is Clemenceau, appropriately given the chief part, ironical, enigmatic, often quiescent, dangerous when aroused. Who that is at all acquainted with the literary personality of

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the French ex-premier can fail to recognize the characteristic quality of the following bit of persiflage put into his mouth by the author. In a conversation that occurs just before the real business of the session begins, Clemenceau is made to say that the smaller Allies are "like a lot of hens being held by the feet and carried to market—although all doomed to the same fate, they contrive to fight each other while awaiting it."

The dialogues are dramatic, too, in their ordering. The entrance of the Japanese question occurs at just the psychological moment, and what happens thereafter is just enough to express through action the real motives involved.

Not often does the author permit himself to be ironical without regard to his necessary purpose. The state of affairs at the Conference might have been made clear, no doubt, without the inclusion of the remark attributed to President Wilson at the unfortunate juncture when the Irish delegates seek an audience: "Who are they that thus intrude upon this inner conference where we are openly arriving at open covenants?"—and doubtless the President has too lively a sense of humor ever to have said anything of the sort. But the speech is too good to be spared. It is exactly the sort of speech that Mr. Dooley might invent if he were treating President Wilson as he once treated President McKinley.

Mr. Beck has produced in these dialogues a kind of literature that is not often written after so much cool, thoughtful preparation, and that is seldom found to be, as in this case, profound and exact as well as amusing.

"SIMSADUS: LONDON." By John Langdon Leighton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

"Simsadus: London" was the cable address of Admiral Sims' London office—dissected, Sims, Admiral, U. S. The author served in the Naval Intelligence Department and Historical Section in London.

Most war books, however admirable in spirit, novel or valuable in contents, make rather trying reading. They almost necessarily present a great array of facts and impressions in no very systematic order and with rather high tension of expressed or half-suppressed emotion. This is not to be disapproved, of course. Somehow that part of the world that did not go to war must be made to realize what the war was like. Still, one does not envy the historians who will have to canvass all this material. And it is something of a relief to find a war-book that does not strain one's nerves, or overwhelm one with facts, and that has hardly any note in it of propaganda, or eulogy, or criticism.

The Navy had its trials and hardships, but it saw less horror than the Army. Not that the naval men, British or American, were not anxious for a stand-up fight. "Flotin' around that blinkin' Nor' Sea," said one English tar, "waitin' till those bloody 'uns get grit henough to fight, and yet always 'oping that they will fight some di, 'tisn't the kind of life for an hambitious or warlike chap the likes of me." It isn't that one underrates the heroism either of the army men or of the naval men. It is simply that one is glad to turn to a story of efficiency

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that doesn't make one feel continually ashamed and horrified at the thought of what that efficiency cost.

Mr. Leighton has given a clear-cut, well-ordered account of what our Navy did in connection with the British Navy. Its greatest merit, perhaps, is that it tells us the plain facts about the submarines.

In April, 1917, the German submarine war was much nearer success than the public in the Allied countries realized. At this time the English were doing about eighty per cent of what was being done to ward off the peril. American destroyers arrived in April, and more in May and June, and the situation gradually changed. In charge of the American forces was Admiral Sims, who in 1905 had been instrumental, through Theodore Roosevelt, in changing the whole gunnery system of the United States Navy; who in 1909 was distinguished as the first officer below the rank of captain to have command of a first-class battleship; and who in 1910 made the famous speech pledging the aid of the American Navy to the British Navy in time of absolute need. Sims reported that the United States must furnish merchant vessels in the near future and naval and military aid at once; he also recommended that the United States Navy should operate as part of the British forces—a wise and magnanimous decision. After American naval bases had been established at Queenstown, Brest, and Gibraltar, our Navy was effectively co-operating with that of Great Britain. By September, 1917, the convoy system, an enormous undertaking, was in working order. The critical period was safely passed by the fall of 1917. In September the losses from submarines were only thirty per cent of what they had been in April.

Such, in bare outline, are the facts of the submarine contest. Much, though not all of this, was unfolded to us in the newspapers from day to day. But there was a great deal that the papers could not tell us, and that many of us have not, even now, an inkling of. Why was it futile to attempt to bottle up the German subs at their bases by means of mines? Why was the mine-barrage in the North Sea not attempted until nearly the end of the war? Why was it ridiculous to suppose that the Germans had submarine bases on the Mexican coast or elsewhere near the United States? Mr. Leighton answers such questions clearly and satisfactorily. How many persons know that the appearance of German submarines in American waters was a sign of German failure? True, during July and August they sank off the American coast about twenty per cent of the total tonnage sunk in two months. This effort, however, was but testimony to the success of the convoy system. But for that the submarines might have been far more profitably employed elsewhere.

People supposed that hundreds of submarines were at sea at the same time. There were about 144 German submarines in commission, and about the waters of England and France there were from sixteen to twenty-eight cruising every day. The low percentage is explained by the fact that after a cruise it was necessary to keep one of these boats in port for overhauling and repairs for a length of time about three times as great as the period at sea. Stories of the sighting of submarines at sea were often based on error. "Few of our soldiers ever saw a submarine."

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On the other hand, only one submarine was sunk in every thirty-nine attempts. Commanders of destroyers and other vessels often supposed the submarine sunk or damaged when this was not the case. The reasons for such mistakes are simple and well worth knowing. Is it not strange that more troopships were not torpedoed? The reason is that to the Germans the game was not worth the candle. Strange, but true! According to their conception, their best policy was to try to starve England, and they were probably right.

But the strangest and most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the British Intelligence Office. We had great respect for the German system of espionage. It was efficient. Nevertheless, the Germans not infrequently got wrong information, which in war is much worse than no information. The British, on the other hand, says the author, always had the right information. They knew, at certain times, where every enemy submarine was. This they accomplished by means of radio stations. To be sure, the messages from the German subs, conveyed in a highly secret code, might be undecipherable; but the direction from which the message came could be determined. "The Admiralty took the greatest care that this method of locating submarines should not be discovered by the enemy, for they regarded it as the greatest secret in their possession; and there is no evidence to show that the Germans ever did discover it."

Here, then, is information clearing up many obscure points about the naval conduct of the war—a reassuring account, showing the efficiency and precision, the full knowledge and the cool calculation, with which our Navy and the British Navy worked together during the last critical period of the conflict.

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